

The American Legion *Weekly*

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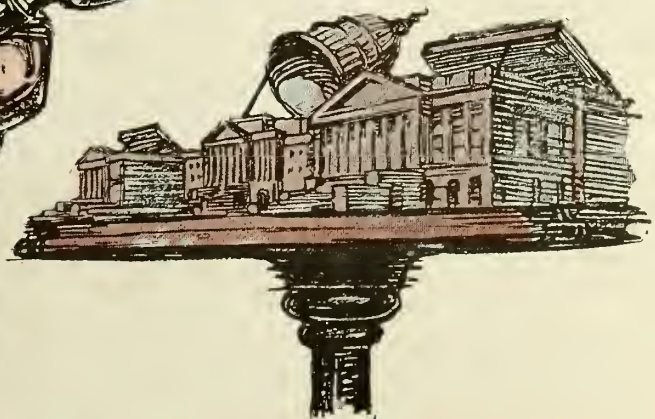
A Debt of Honor
Paid With a Worthless Check

The Rock

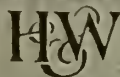
**What Shall
The Army Be?**

Football By Walter Camp

**Painted at the
Front**



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The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.



FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years' active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and to colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degree of A.B., A.M., and Ph.D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. He was lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, and is head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S., and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

The first chance I got I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

You remember how scared I used to be when-

ever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot in it, meaning, of course, that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law, had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded, whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out of the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first

promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now \$7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the 'dullest' season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Name

Address

..... Amer. Leg. 9-19-19

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RETURNING SOLDIERS

Get in touch with your local post. If there is no local post, write to your state chairman. Join The American Legion.

You helped give the Hun all that was coming to him. Have you got everything that is coming to you? Have you had any trouble with your *War Risk Allotment or Allowance, Quartermaster or Navy Allotment, Compensation, Insurance, Liberty Bonds, Bonus, Travel Pay, Back Pay?*

The American Legion is ready to help straighten out your accounts. Write or tell your troubles to your State War Risk Officer of The American Legion. Write in care of your State Secretary.

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September 26

On that day a year ago American soldiers hopped off in the mist to open the Battle of the Argonne.

The Next Number of the American Legion Weekly

on that same day this year will contain a fine story of the beginning of that mighty effort. Not much tactics, mostly a story of men by a man who was in it.

A Deluded Nation

has been thinking that its wounded soldiers were properly retrained for life. No such thing. Read the second installment of the diagnosis of the case of the Federal Board for Vocational Education—and the remedies demanded.

"The Idolaters"

Robert J. Casey has written a rattling good western story under that title.

Sport

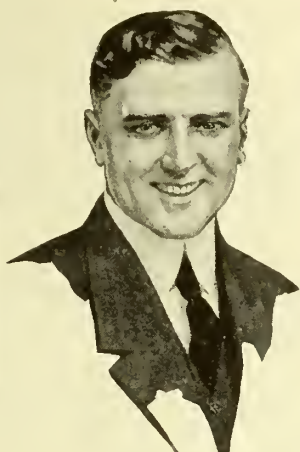
Walter Camp, Johnny Evers, John McGraw, Tex O'Rourke and other oracles of the ring, diamond and gridiron are appearing on Walter Trumbull's page from time to time.

Painted at the Front

Three more official war paintings in the exclusive series by America's best illustrators.

Editorials, Humor, Cartoons, Verse

All in the September 26 Number of the Weekly.



End That Film On Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Must If You Save Them

THE tooth brush alone may remove food debris, but it does not end the film. Night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, that film does constant damage. Most tooth troubles are now known to be caused by it.

It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth and gets into crevices. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why millions of well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now dental science, after years of search, has found a way to combat film. It is embodied for daily use in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It penetrates wherever the film goes. It lingers between the teeth. When you use it, it attacks the film efficiently. We ask you to prove this by a ten-day test, to be made at our expense.

See How Teeth Whiten

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will realize then what a revolution has developed in teeth-cleaning methods.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin was not used before because it must be activated. The usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is used in Pepsodent alone. This method is doing for millions of teeth what was never done before.

Four years of clinical and laboratory tests have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge its daily use. You are bound to adopt it when you know it, for your children and yourself. Cut out this coupon—now, before you forget it—and see what it means to you.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

*Send the Coupon for a
10-Day Tube*

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 731

1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

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POWER PROBLEMS

Power is an Essential Factor in Production

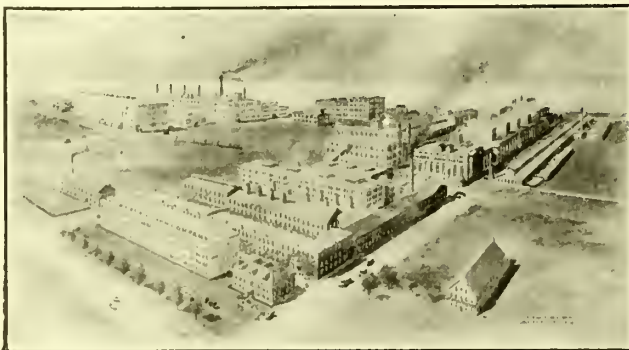


Alert manufacturers keenly realize that expensive power means a "high cost" product.

By utilizing the forces of nature, The Niagara Falls Power Company develops efficiently and cheaply, electrical energy adaptable to the needs of both the small manufacturer and the huge industry.



A location in the Niagara Falls region solves the power problem of the manufacturer.



The Niagara Falls Chamber of Commerce through its Secretary and the Committee on New Industries will be pleased to confer with progressive manufacturers interested in utilizing the various advantages peculiar to Niagara Falls, N. Y.

NIAGARA FALLS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The American Legion Weekly

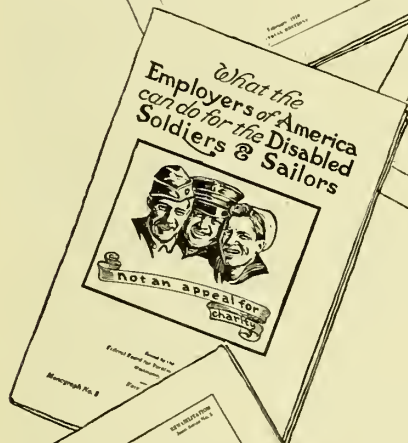
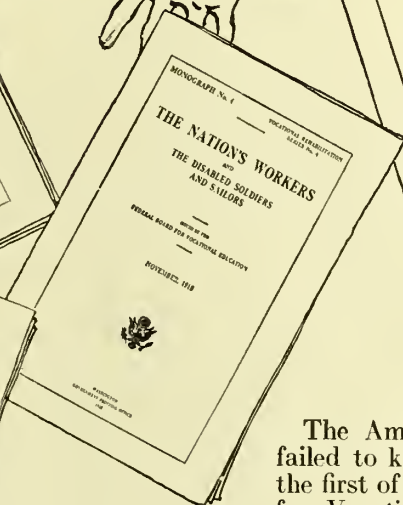
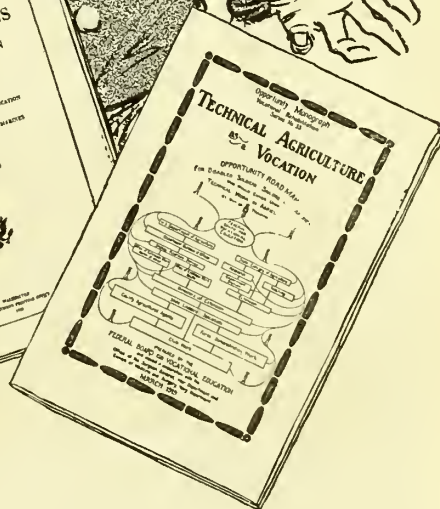
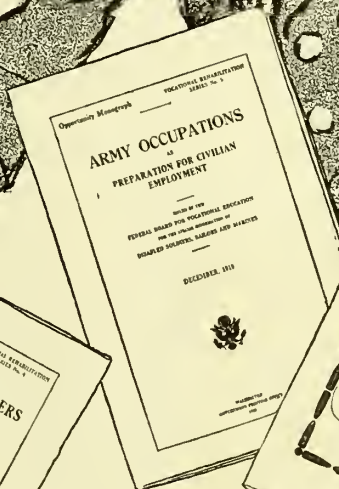
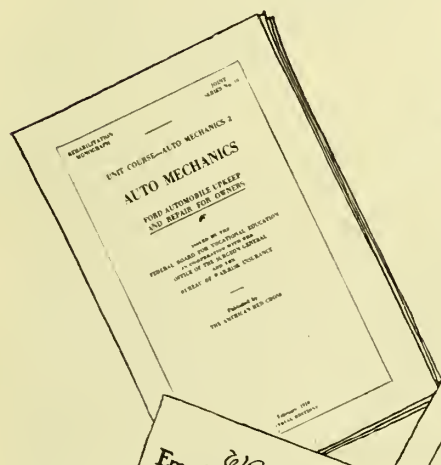
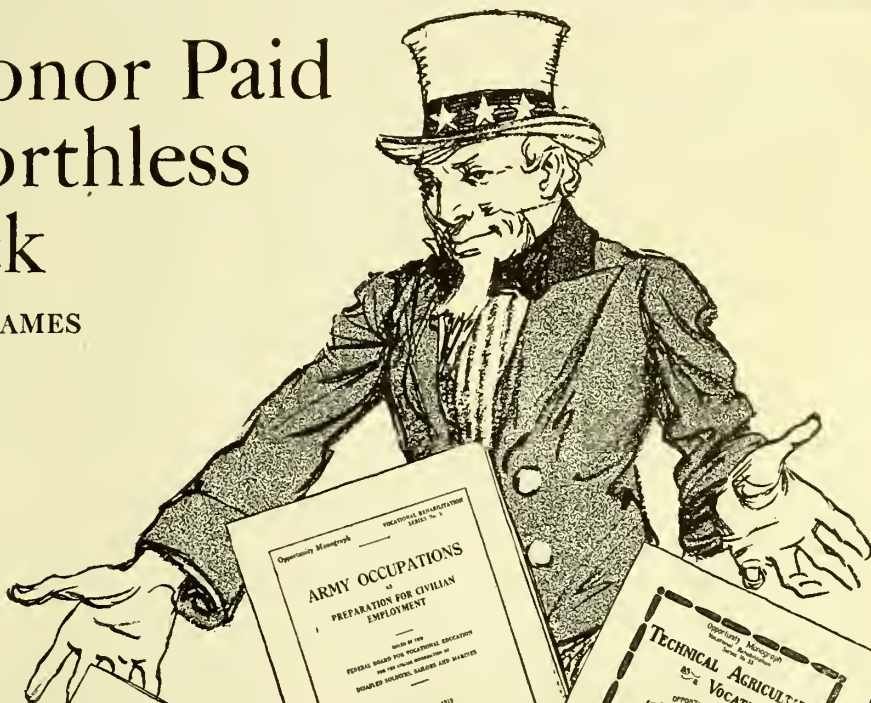
Official Publication of
The American Legion

206

OWNED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE AMERICAN LEGION

A Debt of Honor Paid With a Worthless Check

By MARQUIS JAMES



The American Legion finds the Government has failed to keep its promises to disabled veterans. In the first of two articles dealing with the Federal Board for Vocational Education, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY describes its shortcomings and places responsibility. The second article will suggest changes regarded as essential to redeem the Nation's promises to its mutilated heroes.

THE report is current about Washington that the premises of the Federal Board for Vocational Education are due for an official house-cleaning and some eminent heads are going to fall. THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY does not know when this will occur, or that it will actually occur at all. It only knows such a thing ought to occur, and without very much delay.

The history of this elaborately constituted organization, which, with millions at its disposal, has been charged with the task of rehabilitating disabled soldiers, and by training and re-education enabling them to resume self-supporting stations in society, is a black record of broken

promises and betrayal of trust. The men who gave most have received least from a grateful nation. Certainly, no one should appreciate better than the men who served that the hearts of the people are right, but the penniless and jobless cripple, who cashed in the vigor of his manhood on the fighting front, sometimes may find it difficult to differentiate between the sentiment of that people and crass and inexcusable incompetence of its public servants. The public servants in this case are the members of the Sixty-fifth Congress, which promulgated a law providing for the rehabilitation of maimed men, that aspired so high and achieved so little and the Federal Board which has

presented an even more lamentable spectacle in its bungling endeavors to function under that statute.

Up to June 28, the Board, with its 1,635 salaried employees, had placed in training only 3,923 of the 230,000 Americans disabled during the war. It is not to be expected, of course, that the Board will ultimately have to provide training for all of these 230,000 disabled veterans. On June 21 only eleven men, on graduation from their training, had been situated in gainful occupations by the Board. On July 11, the amended act, with the principal defects of the old law eliminated, became effective. Since that time the Board has been able to show an appreciable increase in men actually started in training, but only a gain of twenty-two for trained men at work. On August 2, the number in training was 5,512 and the number graduated and at work had risen to sixteen. Washington office figures of September 4 gave the number in training as 6,699 and trained men in jobs, thirty-three. Disabled men placed in employment, with no training or incomplete training, numbered 16,410.

INQUIRY revealed, however, that of this number 12,820 were "self-placed," which is an euphuistic manner of saying they went out and got their own jobs.

While these figures tell their own story, the policies of the Board under which these results were obtained are more eloquent indications of the Board's failure to provide adequately for the nation's disabled. From the policy pursued under the old law, which was one of generous promises and scant performance, under the new law the Board proceeds on a program of scant promises and scant performance. In many instances it has placed so narrow a construction on the law as to indicate a conscious effort to diminish the number of disabled men to whom it shall be obliged to give training and subsequent employment. Wages of crippled men are confiscated. Only the "major handicaps," embracing the totally disabled, the blind and the seriously maimed are considered at present. The others are told to find work, with the oily promise that their cases will receive attention in "due course." It appears to be a hasty effort to build up a more impressive total of needy men benefited.

In consequence, thousands of wounded men are abroad, some of them in every community in the land, abandoned by the government they served. They stand on the threshold of a cheerless future, often the prey of actual want, always of the bitter reflections of promises unredeemed and hopes deferred. In every large city you may find them. They frequent the Red Cross and other charitable soldiers' aid societies. They want food, shelter or money, and a chance to earn them by some light labor they can negotiate under the handicap of their infirmity.

Invariably these organizations inquire if the men have visited the local district office of the Federal Board. Answers fall mainly into two categories. Either the men have never heard of such an organization, except in a vague, mess-line rumor sort of way, or else they have heard about

all of it they care to hear. From men of the latter class come tales of the Board's delays. Some have been out of the hospital for months, unable to do regular work, on their own resources and without income, except in cases where compensation has been provided under the War Risk Insurance Act. These princely honorariums average around \$15 a month. Despair has trod the heels of disappointment until many have lost faith in the Board entirely and say they never care to hear of it again.

AN example of this condition is revealed in a letter to the writer from a woman widely known for her connection with auxiliary war societies. It is dated September 4, and the organization referred to is the largest woman's war-aid organization in the United States. She writes:

Cannot something be done by the government for our gallant wounded which will make it unnecessary for many of them to ask charity of the public?

Daily, men who have suffered one, two and even three wounds come to our headquarters asking for money, food, clothing, work or any sort of help we can give. Our organization does not extend aid of this kind, but appeals of these soldiers are quite heart-breaking and, as individuals, we cannot send them into the streets again.

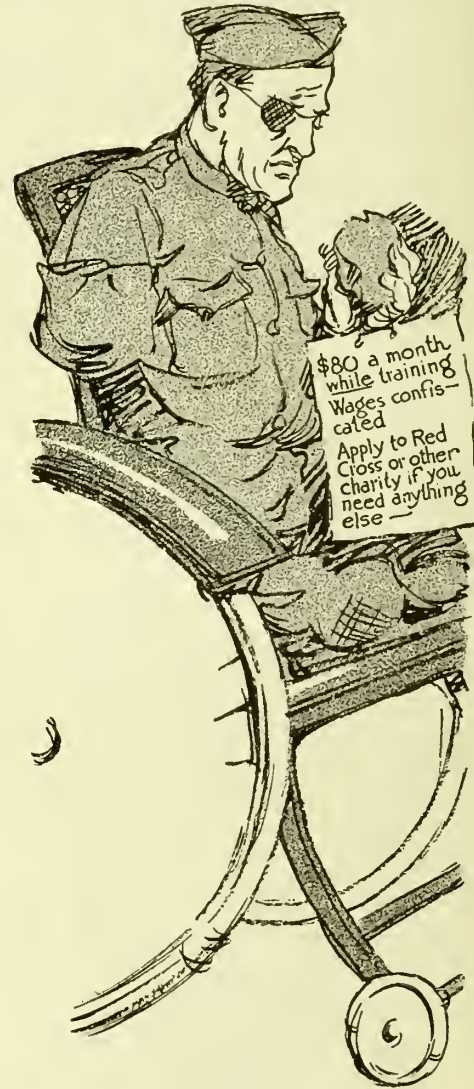
The type of man who comes to us is not a beggar. Usually he is most reticent about his circumstances, asking simply for a job, and it is only on close questioning that we draw his story from him. Our first advice to him is to consult the government employment bureau, which can put him in touch with the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Repeatedly the men complain that they have consulted various government bureaus, which delay so long in acting upon their cases they lose hope completely.

Undoubtedly something can be done for "our gallant wounded" that they may not be required to "ask charity of the public." Something can and must be done. But how? One searches in vain the Regulations of the Board for a solution. Indeed, he finds there that which may be an explanation, if not a remedy, for this disgraceful phase of the situation. Not only is there no provision for the medical care of men under investigation or in training, no provision by the Board for the maintenance of men up to the time they assume the "investigation" status, and no provision for their dependents until the men are in a receiving station preparatory to entering upon training, and not always even then—but agents of the Board are specifically instructed to send suffering and destitute men to humiliate themselves and debase their uniform by beseeching alms.

IN the matter of medical attention the Regulations disclaim responsibility for the Board beyond "making reasonable arrangements for medical service for the men in training and receiving stations" which shall be "without cost to the Board." Section 309 of the Regulations goes on to

state: "If the man is unable to pay the expenses . . . the district board shall bring his case to the attention of the Red Cross or such other agency as may be willing to assist him."

Suppose no "willing" charitable agency is available? Such a contingency appears to be beyond the contemplation of the

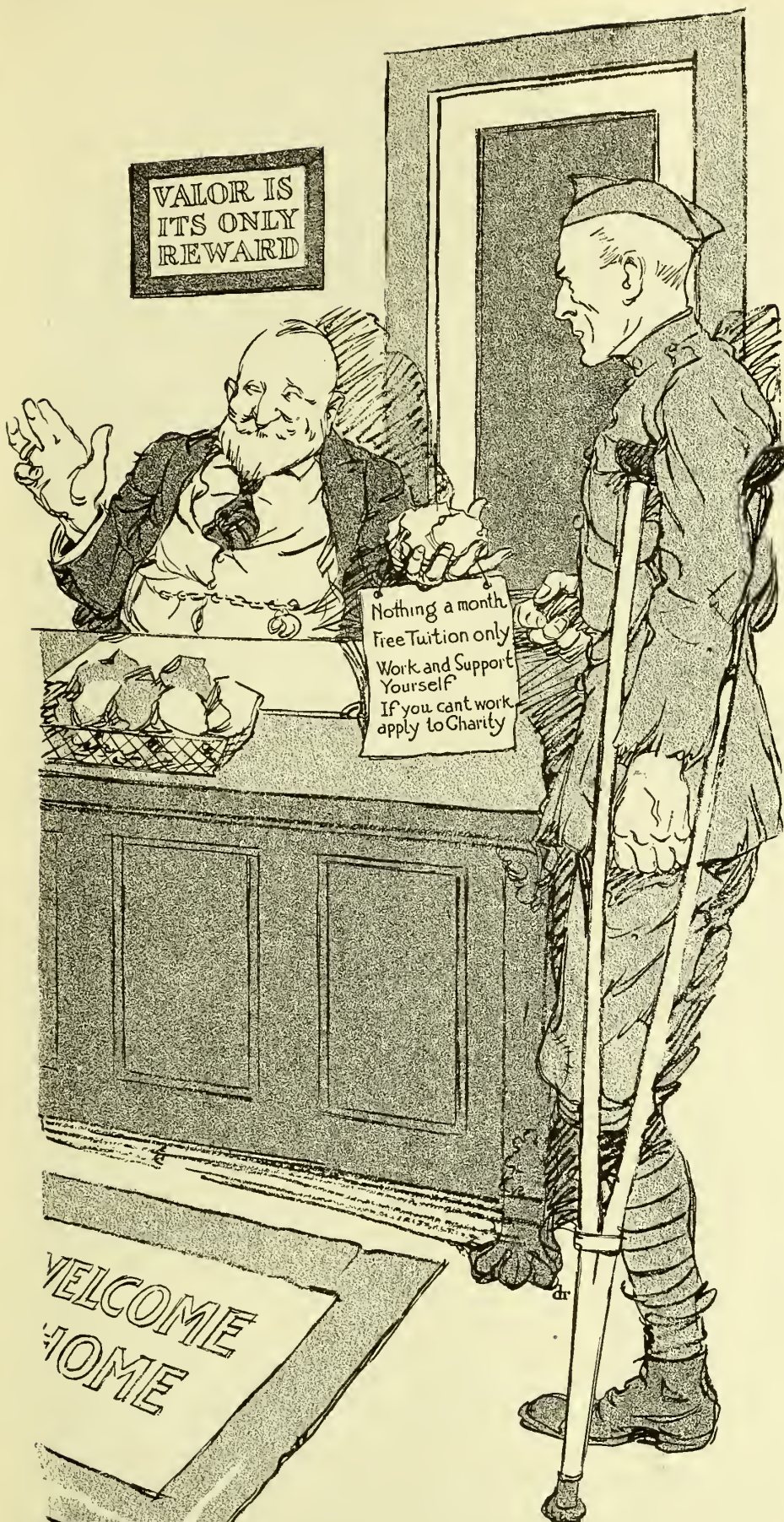


Board. Well, we are a generous people, and the Board seems to know it.

Regarding dependents, Section 700 of the Regulations says: "Prior to entering a receiving station or a regular training course the man's dependents are in no way entitled to support in whole or in part from the Board. If they be in need or distress the matter should be brought to the attention of the Red Cross."

This would seem to indicate that when, sometimes after a three or four months' delay, a man reaches the receiving station his dependents will be cared for. Only sometimes is such the case. There are two classes of training; one under Section 2, and one under Section 3, of the law. Section 3 training for which the great majority of men are eligible, carries no provision for support from the Board, either for dependents or for the man himself. This support is not denied by Congress. It is denied by the Board, by its narrow interpretation of the law.

Congress passed the original Vocational Rehabilitation Act, June 27, 1918, creat-



Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread will give him a stone.—Matthew vii: 6.

ing the Federal Board and appropriating \$2,000,000, available immediately, for its uses, which President Wilson called a "draft of honor which the United States accepted when it selected these men and took them in their health and strength to fight the battles of the nation."

Dr. C. A. Prosser became director of the Board at a salary of \$10,000 a year. At the present writing the doctor still holds that position and still draws his salary.

FEW wounded were coming in those days. All the Board members and their army of employes had to do was to organize, sit tight, draw their salaries and wait for disabled men to turn up from the hospitals. The Board could also announce to men in hospitals the nature of the benefits that awaited them; and to men fighting in France what they might expect should they become disabled in the service.

Promises of a certain kind are cheap. This is the kind of promises in which the Board indulged itself in those early days. Its announcements assumed a style which recalls a school of patent medicine advertising literature—"Free to You, My Suffering Sister"—now happily passing from the columns of the reputable press. Training for everybody with a ten per cent. or greater disability was the general understanding. This training was described in terms so felicitous that they seemed almost an inducement to get wounded in order to enjoy the benefits.

Look over a sample or two:

You will go back home under a handicap, worth less below the neck, possibly, than ever before. The only way you can overcome this after the hospital authorities have done all they can for you is by making yourself worth more above the neck. That means training. The government will provide this for you entirely free of charge. Your instruction will be paid and you and your dependents will be supported while you are getting your education. What is the answer? Choose the course you want, after consulting with the representative of the Board. Make up your mind to take training.

* * *

Training counts. You know how it counts, for it was training that helped you beat the Hun. It will count with you if you take advantage of the opportunity Uncle Sam is making for you. You never understood what real training meant until you joined the army. You now understand what it means. Take it.

* * *

The scheme of occupations for which training will be provided by the government, free of cost to you, includes more sorts of employment than you ever heard tell of. If you don't find one that suits you in this pamphlet, get another.

IF the Board's publicity man wrote these he was a live wire. His activity during the early existence of the Board might be cited in refutation of the statement, sometimes uttered by the careless
(Continued on Page 22)

The Service Man and the Banks

An interview with Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York

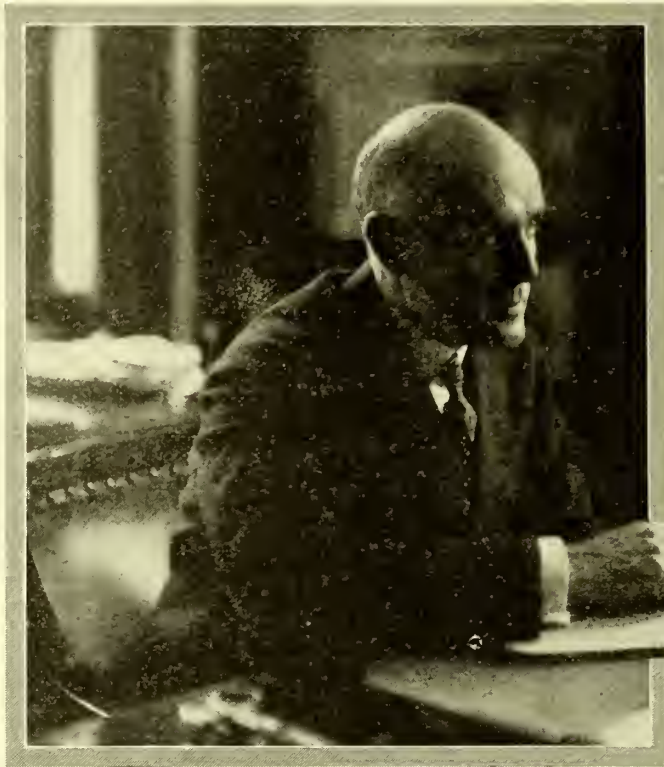
SOME unthinking enthusiasts have probably been responsible for many heartaches in the last few months. Every returned soldier knows the kind of tales that were told in the army—of high salaried positions that would be open to them because they had been abroad and had acquired, as they imagined, a knowledge of the French language and of business customs. The more sophisticated of the men took these tales at their true value, but in some cases the ensuing disillusionment was keenly felt.

Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, which is taking back into its employ as fast as they return the more than 500 of its men who entered the service during the war, thinks that there is no doubt that the great proportion of the men who have served in the Army or Navy should be better men from their experience, and worth more to the country and to themselves.

"As a general rule," said Mr. Sisson, "we believe that if two men have an equal knowledge of the banking business, equal energy and intelligence, the one who has served in the Army should be the better man. He has had an experience in life that the other man cannot hope to duplicate. He has been subjected to a wholesome discipline, and if he has good stuff in him, he will have profited by that discipline, and know the part which co-operative effort, ably directed, plays in the great world of affairs. He will have grown accustomed to considering himself, not as an individual whose selfish desires take pre-eminence over the general good, but a unit in a great machine, upon whose success his own well-being and happiness depend.

"That is the spirit which pervades all great and successful businesses today, and the man who comes into an organization with that spirit is fitted to take up his share of the work, and to carry it through to completion without the sometimes painful adjustments which the ordinary civilian must undergo.

"In every business, how-



Francis H. Sisson

ever, and particularly, it seems to me, in banking, there are other factors which must be taken into consideration. Banking requires much experience and training and an exact and considerable knowledge of a great amount of detail. A man would not be qualified for a responsible place in our Paris office, for instance, merely because he had been in France for a year, or because he had acquired the ability to speak and read French fluently.

THINK THIS OVER!

"As a general rule we believe that of two men having an equal knowledge of the banking business and equal intelligence, that one who has served in the Army should be a better man.

He has had an experience in life that another man cannot hope to have. He has been subjected to a wholesome discipline and if he has good stuff in him he will have profited by that discipline and know the part which co-operative effort ably directed plays in the great world of affairs.

The returned soldiers are right I think in asking that the training they have had be taken into consideration and that their recompense and particularly their opportunities for the future be based upon their larger status.

Nor need there be any fear that unusual ability will not be recognized and rewarded. Large organizations are constantly in need of young and vigorous men who have a detailed knowledge of the business or industry involved."

"This would be an advantage, but not a prime essential. It would be necessary, however, that he should have an understanding of international banking, of business customs in the United States, of France, and of other important countries of the world. In other words, he would have to be thoroughly equipped. Any other man would be useful to us only after a long period of training, during which he would inevitably handle much routine work at a modest salary.

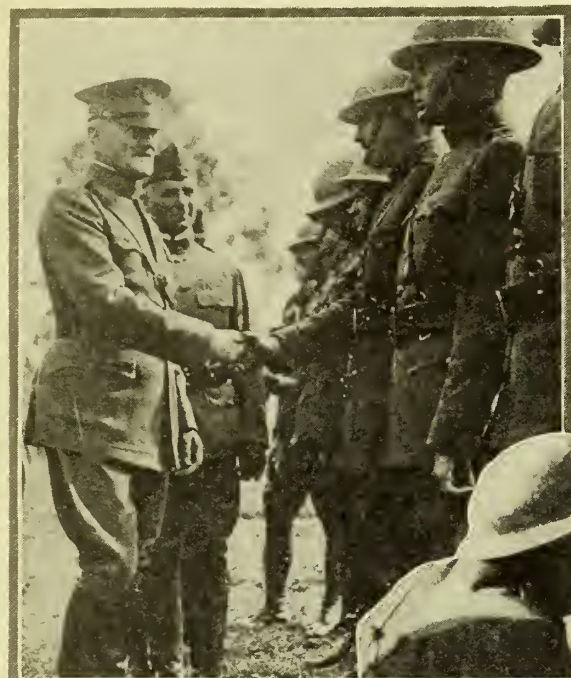
"It is necessary, I think, that the young men who come back from the front bear these things in mind. The tendency in business is more and more toward specialization, and the best business men and the best bankers are those who have added experience to their native talent. Unless he gained it before going into the war, the young soldier just back from the front can hardly possess this

experience, and those who lead him to believe that he can be placed immediately in a position of responsibility have done him a great wrong, for he is bound to suffer disappointment. Fortunately, I am very confident that most of our young men can see all this for themselves.

"But the returned soldiers are right, I think, in asking that the training they have had be taken into consideration, and that their recompense, and particularly their opportunities for the future, be based upon their larger status. A discerning employer will recognize in the youth who appear before him seeking employment whatever breadth of vision is there, whatever physical stamina and energy have been acquired, whatever self-control has been inculcated, and whatever knowledge of human nature has come through observation. No business man seeking to build up his organization need ask for a better array of fundamental characteristics than these.

"Nor need there be any fear that unusual ability will not be recognized and rewarded. Large organizations are constantly in need of young and vigorous men
(Continued on Page 28)

A Year Ago With the First Division



"Great Work," said General Pershing as he pinned the D. S. C. on 1st Division men.



The 18th Infantry dug in under fire at Exermont.

THE FIRST DIVISION is home. Acclaimed by thousands, it has paraded under Fifth Avenue's Victory Arch, General Pershing at its head. Here is its tabloid story:

First in France, June 27, 1917.

First on Active Sector, April 25, 1918.

In Front Line 220 Days.

In Five Major Engagements.

Advanced 51 Kilos Against Resistance.

Suffered 26,332 Casualties, 4,204 of them in Battle Deaths.

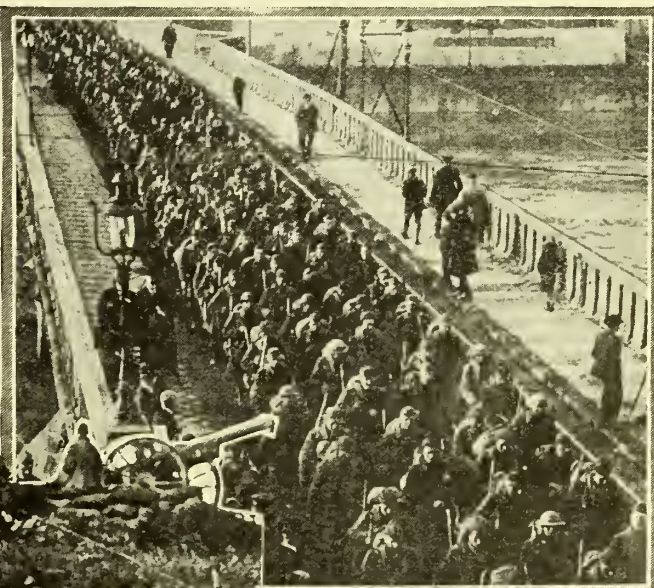
Captured 6,469 Prisoners, and Lost in Captured 83.

Took Every Objective.

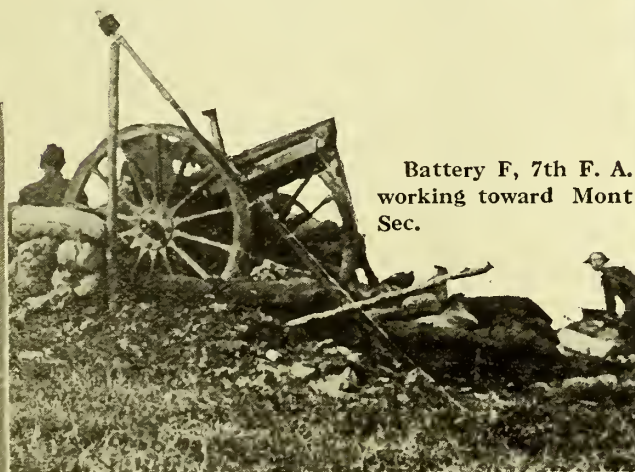
Of its Men, 1,200 have been Decorated.



Fritz had the range and the doughboys had to hop lively across the road.



The Conquerors: 1st Division crossing Moselle River, Treves, Germany.



Battery F, 7th F. A. working toward Mont Sec.

THE EDITORIAL P.C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS

A Black Indictment

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has gone painstakingly into the work of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. The findings, presented elsewhere in the magazine, are a black indictment of the Government's shameful neglect of our disabled veterans.

It is not enough that the cruelly inadequate arrangements for the care, maintenance and re-education of our disabled men be revised at this time. Responsibility for the system which has sent gallant men to ask charity of the public must be fixed. A spade must be called a spade. Men and groups of men responsible for these conditions must be named, and the public, which misplaced its faith in those men, vindicated.

It is not enough that there be guarantees against a repetition of past errors. There must be rectification of past wrongs. Men who put their trust in the early and extravagant promises of the Federal Board for Vocational Education must have that trust restored. The first appropriation of funds for the cause of industrial rehabilitation of disabled men was appropriately termed a "draft of honor" on the nation.

That draft must be redeemed—at promised value.

Three Enlisted Men

IN the forefront of the welcoming committees which greeted General Pershing when he set foot on the shores lately were the representatives of the American Legion—three veterans of the Big War who had their great moments on fields of fire. They had served as enlisted men.

They sat at the front of the platform beside the former C-in-C. of the A. E. F., while America's thousands acclaimed him. Countless names had been put forth for the honor of representing the Legion. Three enlisted men were chosen, three men who had served in the ranks of the Army, Navy or Marine Corps.

They were selected as most truly representing those who really fought the war.

Fly-trap Critics

THE AMERICAN LEGION can well afford entirely to ignore the scattered darts of criticism aimed from ambush at its existence. They come from places that are as dark and obscure as they are questionable. Yet it might be profitable, in passing, to glance at their sources and inspiration. Briefly characterized, those who bark at the Legion are those who see in the Legion a menace to their own selfish ends. To the alien slacker and

the little American and the confirmed exponent of the old-order-of-things the American Legion is a positive calamity.

In snarling they do not snarl in the open. Their methods are indirect and hidden. A favorite method of attack is to set up a fly-trap newspaper and raise the cry of class distinction and what not, carrying such blatant propaganda by loudly claiming the earth for returned service men. Claiming the earth when they represent nothing but their own selfish designs and when they can deliver nothing. But the real object is not to help the service man. It is to obstruct and retard the swiftly-moving plan of the service men to take their own interests in their own hands and work them out through organization.

How unfortunate for all such that the men who were in service are proceeding to organize so as to present a solid front against which social, political and industrial charlatans must beat their heads in vain. How disconcerting to those who dreamed of exploiting the soldier vote and the soldier influence that the men have returned from service capable of doing their own thinking and intent on doing their own thinking. And having that capacity and that intention are uniting in one great body to express their own thoughts through their own organization in their own concrete way.

The Job at Headquarters

NATIONAL headquarters has sent out a SOS call asking the various State Headquarters to recommend volunteers for the huge organization job now in full operation throughout the country. Big executives, men of exceptional capacity, are urgently needed in solving the many important problems and handling the great masses of related details that have to be handled by National Headquarters between now and the November Convention. Mature judgment combined with initiative and energy are the prime qualifications. National Headquarters has expanded until it occupies the entire fourth floor in a great New York business block. Its greatest difficulty at this time is that of securing sufficient personnel.

We believe there are able men who are willing to help for a month or so. They must be former service men, of course, and they must come prepared to enter into the spirit of helpfulness and energetic co-operation which pervades National Headquarters, working against that day in November when, having laid the keel and built the hulk, the present temporary officers and executive committee will surrender the Legion's helm to the will-of-the-majority as expressed at the Minneapolis Convention.

The Rock

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

I DRAGGED him out of the sea with my own hands, and was as near taken back with him in the suck of the wave as I care to remember. Any other man of us might have done the same, only he chanced to be flung on the shingle at my very feet. It was just my luck—or my misfortune, depending on which view you take of it.

It was an hour before we brought him to life—the only survivor of a small vessel that had foundered on the Whaleback Reef, a mile from shore. Certainly the man was never meant to be drowned, for the wind and currents had carried him to the only place where he could have been saved—a tiny cove no more than a hundred yards across; and five miles on either side of the cove the cliffs rose as steep as the walls of a cathedral, and higher than any walls fashioned by the hand of man.

How well I remember that little picture—just the circle of it, lit up by the glow of yellow hurricane lamps! The movement of everything in the gale, the slanting spears of raindrops, the gleam of light on wet oil-skins, and the man that might live, if one was lucky enough to save him—a great giant of a fellow, naked to the waist.

And then old Rose Tregenna—seventy years of age, but never far off if anything came ashore in a gale—clutching me by the arm, and whispering, "You should hev known better, Master John. There be no luck for them as steal lives from the sea. But the Lord may hev mercy and let him die."

I am glad to say that the mercy of Providence was directed towards Abraham Kington rather than towards myself. Life fluttered back into his huge frame—so splendid a man was he in muscle and size of limb that it had never seemed possible for him to become the empty shell of a corpse—and we gave him brandy, and covered him with warm coats, and set about carrying him up the long, steep road that led to the village.

SLOWLY the procession wound up the slope. Six of us pushed the baker's handcart on which he lay; many stayed behind on the chance of saving someone else. But old Rose Tregenna went with us, leading the way, and swinging a lamp in her hand. I can see her now, and well I remember the expression of her face. She might have been walking in front of a funeral, might have been leading the tiny procession to a cold churchyard grave instead of the warmth of a fire.

Of course, everyone agreed that he ought to be given the hospitality of my house. I am the doctor, and could there have been a more suitable place for a

half-drowned man than the doctor's house? We toiled over the brow of the hill, and down into the little hollow where the village was sheltered from sou'-westerly gales.

My housekeeper—an elderly woman



She leant a little forward to steady herself against the strong winds that raged in from the sea.

but very capable—was equal to the occasion. We put Abraham Kington to bed, and he was smiling at us before he had been there many minutes.

"S'pose you folk are used to this sort of thing?" he said. "Draggin' bodies out of the sea, and so on?"

"A rough coast," I replied; and he caught hold of my hand.

"But kindly fellows that live along it," he said. "Different from where I come from."

THE next morning, riding forth on my daily visits, I met Mary Perran outside her mother's house, and the sun was shining on her face, and she stood tall and slim and beautiful against a background of dripping shrubs.

She leant a little forward to steady herself against the strong winds that raged in from the sea.

"I hear you saved him," she said as I took her hand. "That was fine of you, Jack."

"I know I'm to suffer for it," I laughed. "Old Rose Tregenna predicts the most terrible things for me."

"As if you'd believe in such rubbish—or any sensible person, either!"

"Well, you're pretty sensible, aren't you?" I replied.

She nodded and asked me for particulars. When I told her that Kington was a finer man than I had seen in these parts she frowned.

"Those big fellows have no brains," she said, "and brains are everything nowadays."

I was busy, and had but little time to spare even for Mary Perran. I asked after her mother, and rode on.

But I carried Mary Perran with me in my thoughts—all through that day, as I had done through so many days before. She was the only woman in the world for me, and I think she was that from the very first day I ever met her—six months before. For, mind you, I was a newcomer to the district, and what the villagers called a "foreigner." There is no Cornish blood in my veins; I am just a hard North-Country fellow—as much an alien, so far as these good folk were concerned, as a Dutchman.

"THAT'S a fine bit of rock," said Kington, two days later, when he was up and about, and apparently as fit as ever he'd been in his life. "I s'pose people come and draw pictures of that?"

We were looking at the Rivals—that extraordinary fragment of granite that stands on the edge of the cliffs a mile to the west of Corthellis.

It rose to the height of nearly eighty feet from the grass turf, and though, of course, it was one with the cliffs that dropped two hundred feet beneath it sheer into the sea, it had the appearance of being something quite distinct—a great thunderbolt hurled down from heaven, or a giant's plaything picked up in some distant quarry and set down just anyhow, as a child would place a pebble on the edge of a wall. And it seemed not so much one piece of rock as two, for it was split from base to summit, and though the lower part of the cleavage had at one time been filled with fragments and was now covered with turf, the remainder of it was a fissure with straight, smooth sides not more than four feet apart.

"A fine landmark," Kington continued. "Almost as good as a lighthouse, I should say. I wonder they don't put a light on the top of it."

I laughed.

"You are very practical," I said. "These two pinnacles are Guthris and Gulain. They were two giants, and they fought for the love of a woman, but the woman herself was a witch, and she turned them into stone."

"I reckon that's a pretty story," he said. "And some hidden meaning in it, I've no doubt. If I stay here long enough, I'll try and climb up to the bald pate of one of the giants, and fling stones at the other."

I told him that no one had ever climbed up either of them, and, of course, that put him on his mettle.

"I'll do it one of these days," he said; and then, after a pause, he added: "If I stay here long enough."

have attended the funeral, and though I think that first set me against him, I must be honest and confess that I was jealous of the fellow, with his great muscular body and his handsome, bearded face. Mary Perran told me herself that she had never seen a finer-looking man, and he was often at her house. And once when I met him there I fancied that he was more likeable, more gentle in his manners, altogether a better specimen of manhood, which, after all, is not mere brute strength and courage.

But a fortnight later I quarrelled with Mary Perran, and this interloper was the cause of the quarrel. She began to praise him, and I said bluntly:

"If he'd lived a hundred years ago, he'd have been a buccaneer."

"Yes," she retorted, "and if he'd lived ten thousand years ago he'd have been Guthris or Gulain."

"And you the witch, eh?"

Cornish folk would like to know more about you."

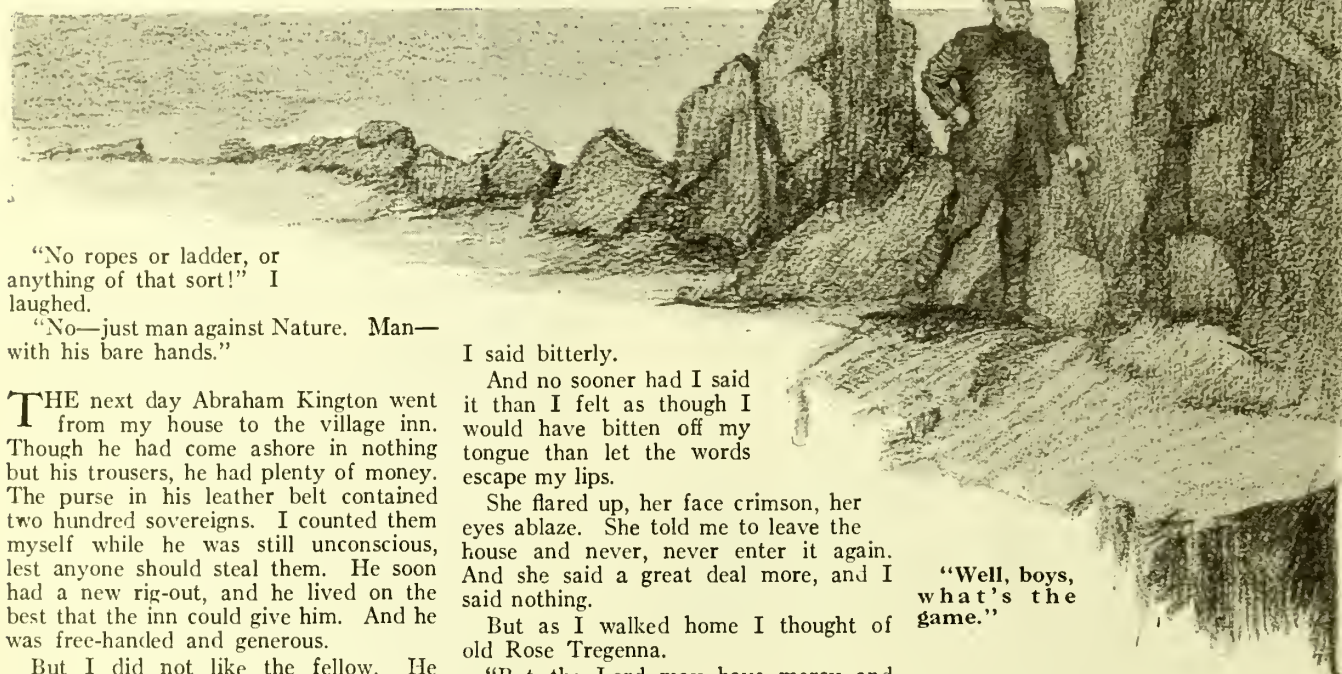
He laughed.

"Oh, you country folk!" he said. "You do amuse me! But you are not of Cornwall yourself?"

"No," I answered. "Well, perhaps I don't like you."

He stroked his beard thoughtfully. We were standing within a hundred yards of the Rivals, and the shadow of the great rock came nearly to our feet.

"Those fellows there," he



"No ropes or ladder, or anything of that sort!" I laughed.

"No—just man against Nature. Man—with his bare hands."

THE next day Abraham Kington went from my house to the village inn. Though he had come ashore in nothing but his trousers, he had plenty of money. The purse in his leather belt contained two hundred sovereigns. I counted them myself while he was still unconscious, lest anyone should steal them. He soon had a new rig-out, and he lived on the best that the inn could give him. And he was free-handed and generous.

But I did not like the fellow. He seemed to me like a man who saw nothing solemn or beautiful in death. I remember that, when we buried four of the crew that came ashore, Abraham Kington did not even attend the funeral, and when I returned from it he said, "No doubt some of them have been saved from the gallows."

And he could not possibly have had any reason for saying such a thing as that. The wrecked vessel was a small brig, the *La Valette*, bound from Marseilles to Falmouth with a miscellaneous cargo. Her crew were doubtless honest French sailors. Their names had been cabled to us from France, and the name of Abraham Kington was not among them.

"I joined her as a passenger," he said. "None of your big steamers for me. Of course, it was against the rules, but a tip to the captain—eh?"

Well, there was nothing to be said against that. It was not unusual for passengers to travel on small cargo boats, and though they were usually signed on as paid hands, that was a matter which rested with the captain.

Yet I thought Abraham Kington might

I said bitterly.

And no sooner had I said it than I felt as though I would have bitten off my tongue than let the words escape my lips.

She flared up, her face crimson, her eyes ablaze. She told me to leave the house and never, never enter it again. And she said a great deal more, and I said nothing.

But as I walked home I thought of old Rose Tregenna.

"But the Lord may have mercy and let him die," she had said.

Well, Abraham Kington was alive, and very much alive. And if Mary Perran was not in love with him, she seemed very near to it.

And as for the man himself, of course, he was just as other men when it comes to the wooing of a maid. Only he was greater and stronger than any man I had ever seen.

HE caught me by the arm one morning as I was passing him with a curt nod. His fingers, gripping like a vice, brought me up with a jerk. I scowled, and asked him what the devil he meant by it. He smiled pleasantly, showing his white, strong teeth.

"What's amiss?" he said. "That's not the first time you've gone by me with black looks, doctor. You saved my life, and I think a lot of you."

It seemed best to have the matter out—there and then—but in as delicate a fashion as possible, for I was not willing to drag Mary Perran's name into the mire of discussion.

"Well, the fact is," I replied, "we

"Well, boys, what's the game."

said pointing at the pinnacle, "lived in the good old fighting days. They both loved the same maid, eh?"

"I am busy," I said, and I turned to leave him.

But again he caught me by the arm, holding me without effort as if I were a child.

"You love this Mary Perran?" he said roughly.

"One does not discuss that sort of thing with strangers."

"You have no rights over her," he continued. "You are not engaged to be married. If that had been the case, I would have stood aside. She is free for any man to make love to her."

"Yes, if he is a good man—and honest."

"A man is a man, doctor—and the worst of us can be kind to those we love."

He swung me around and pointed at the rock.

"Would you climb that for her?" he asked. "Climb it with your bare hands?"

I told him that I was not a schoolboy playing tricks for a prize.

He laughed.

"You saved my life," he said, "and I'd do more for you than I'd do for any man in the world. If you'll climb that rock tomorrow, I'll be out of Cornwall before nightfall, and leave you a clear field."

"No man could climb it, Kington," I said quietly. "Except near the bottom, there are no footholds."

"I'll climb it first," he retorted, "and then you shall try. You are young

"stretched his legs a bit." On his last trip he had strained one of them.

"Of course," I said to him, "you'll stop the night." And he answered "No," and I said, "As your doctor, I forbid you to go home."

This conversation had already taken place three times during the summer, and it had always ended in a victory for myself. I liked the old fellow, and it was dull at Corthellis, and I am quite sure that when he had left home he had told his servants not to expect him back until the following day.

After dinner, in the evening, I spoke to him about the rock.

"Could it be climbed," I queried,

WE breakfasted early next day, and walked to the rock along the edge of the cliffs. It seemed a splendid grey old thing in the morning sunlight—more beautiful than any cathedral against the smooth blueness of the sea. The grass sparkled with dew, and there was not a breath of air. It was one of those perfect days that one sometimes gets in the middle of October.

Captain Withen examined the rock with the eye of an expert. He was like some general searching for weak spots in his adversary's plan of campaign. We walked up the green path that led to the fissure between the two pinnacles. We stood there between two walls in places as smooth as the palm of one's hand.

"The 'chimney,' of course," he said, with a smile; and he explained that you put your back against one wall and your feet against the other, and, by keeping yourself firmly wedged in the fissure, wriggle yourself slowly up to the top.

"But it's very smooth and rather wide," he added. "It would be an advantage to be tall."

Ah, that was my friend Kington's trick, was it?

"And if you weren't used to that kind of work—" he went on. "Well, let us suppose we've negotiated the 'chimney' all right. What then?"

He took a pair of field-glasses from their leather case and examined the summit. Then we returned down the grass path, and he stood where he could get a better view of the two pinnacles.

"Yes, a smart man could manage that," he said.

"Could you do it?" I queried.

"I could have done it, I think, in my best days."

"Could I do it?"

He turned and looked at me.

"My dear fellow," he said—"well, the days of miracles are not yet over."

"I'm going to try," I said, doggedly.

"What on earth for?"

"A wager."

"My dear boy, if you're hard up, I'd rather—"

"Oh, it's nothing you can give me," I laughed. "But you can help. Just a few wrinkles, eh?"

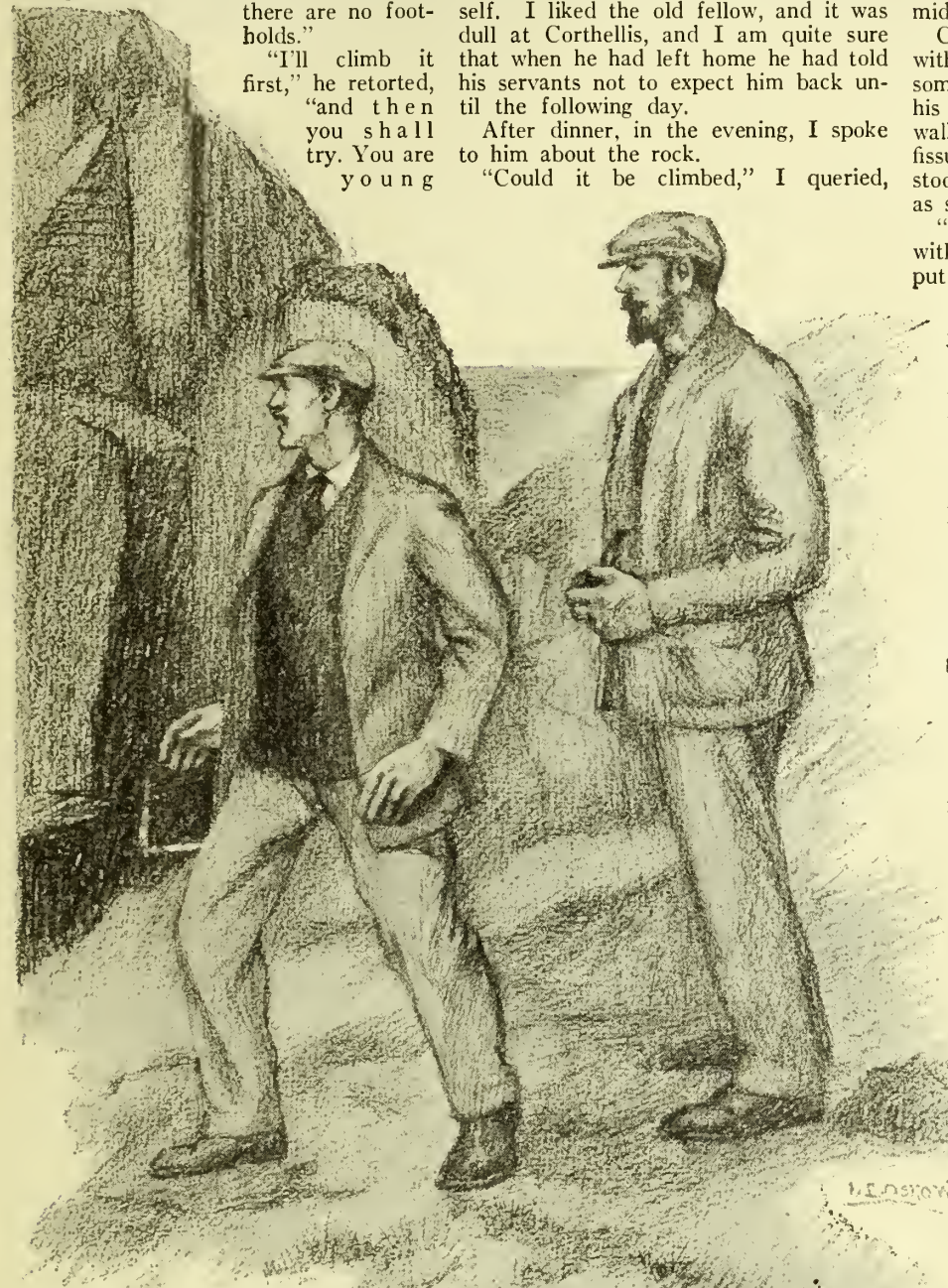
"Well, they won't do you any harm—increase your store of knowledge, but I hope you won't—"

"Come along," I said, and I dragged him back to the fissure. For an hour we remained there, and I even ascended a few feet with difficulty. Then his practical eyes pointed out to me the way I was to grapple with the last part of the ascent. A tiny ledge, a crack, a tuft of grass—nothing was apparently too unimportant in this new and wonderful game.

As we turned to go, I saw two figures moving along the road that ran parallel with the cliffs, about two hundred yards inland. They were Abraham Kington and Mary Perran.

"That's our little Mary, isn't it?" said Captain Withen. "Who's the tall fellow?"

(Continued on Page 26)



and strong and active."

I refused, and he jeered at me, calling me a coward. But there he did me a wrong. I was not afraid of risking my life—only unwilling to let Mary Perran see that at this sort of game he was the better man. No doubt he wished to humble me in her eyes.

I went home, somewhat ashamed of myself, to tell you the truth. And there I found a patient of mine, Captain Withen. He had driven twenty miles to see me about a strain in his right leg. He had, in his youth, been a famous mountaineer, and even now, in the later days of his life, he went to Switzerland once a year, and, to use his own words,

"without ropes?"

"I've no doubt it could."

he replied. "I'll go and have a look at it tomorrow."

And then, as usual, he launched out into stories of his own feats—the achieving of the apparently impossible—stories that sent a curious little shiver down my back, though I have a pretty good head for heights. A thousand feet! Two thousand feet! Five thousand feet! He spoke calmly of sheer drops like these. Of course the Rivals was just an anthill.

"But, mind you," he said, "you can get an impossible climb in a rock twenty feet high, if you've no ropes or axes."

What Shall the Army Be?



Many Minds on the Future Military Policy

WHAT shall we do with our Army? What will be the future military policy of the United States? The war has forced this subject into public attention as never before. The questions are pertinent.

A new element was infused into the Army through the draft; several million citizens who formerly didn't know a corporal from a colonel, and didn't care, were suddenly drawn into the military machine and subjected to its customs. Army life was their life for many months, and they found it expedient to take a keen interest in the causes and effects thereof. Hardly a man who was in the Army but has his own ideas of what should be the future plan of national defense. The Regular Army has ideas; so has the National Guard; so have various legislators, and so, to repeat, have the men in the ranks. What will be the outcome in a military way of the clash of these many and divergent opinions?

Five ideas are before Congress as to what shall be this Nation's future military policy.

Those five conceptions are:

- 1—Standing army, three times the size of before the war, together with 3 months' universal training of 19 year old boys.
- 2—Universal naval or military training of 18-year-old boys, for 6 months, together with selective compulsory service to keep the standing army up to the same strength as before the war.
- 3—Army and National Guard as before the war, but reorganized in the light of new experience.
- 4—Moderate-sized regular army, and universal training.
- 5—Standing army no larger than before the war, together with a large, more or less independent, citizen soldiery similar to the National Guard.

The first three proposals are covered in bills already introduced—in order, the Wadsworth-Kahn (General Staff) bill, Chamberlain-Kahn bill, Dent bill. The last two of the five proposals have been brought verbally to the attention of Congress by witnesses at hearings. The fifth idea was broached by Major General O'Ryan, commander of the National Guard of New York.

The War Department is supporting the Wadsworth-Kahn measure which was written by General Payton C. March, and others of the General Staff. It would provide a regular army of nearly 600,000 officers and men, at a cost of \$800,000,000 annually, and universal training of

By **CHARLES D. KELLEY**

19-year-old boys at an additional cost of nearly \$100,000,000, on War Department estimates. General Pershing will be heard on this proposal as soon as it is convenient for him to appear before the committees. The bill bears the name "Wadsworth-Kahn" merely because those two military committee chairmen introduced it in Senate and House.

THE Chamberlain-Kahn bill, also, is named after the senator and representative who introduced it. This would keep the standing army at its pre-war dimensions, and bring in six months' universal training, optional as between navy or army, for all 18-year-old boys. In addition it would select from among them men for compulsory peace-time service of a year in the regular army if voluntary enlistments were not sufficient to keep the ranks filled to peace strength of about 200,000. This bill is supported by various preparedness organizations and is sponsored by those two veteran universal training leaders of Congress whose name it bears. The cost of this program, Representative Kahn says, could be kept to \$300,000,000 a year for both standing army and universal training. The cost of the Regular Army just before the war was \$240,000,000 a year.

The long-time opponent of universal training, Representative Dent, has brought in a bill for a new regular army of 265,000—with a doubling of artillery and other reorganizations, including a pay raise of \$300 for lieutenants—but no universal training.

The National Guard Association has been asked to prepare a bill covering its scheme for an enlarged National Guard as the bulwark of national defense. Whether this bill will propose making the Guard primarily a federal force, and secondarily a state force is still being discussed by its backers.

The foregoing covers the main conceptions in rough outline. None of the bills has any organized following in Congress yet. All the ingredients are on the table but the cook has not determined upon the recipe.

What are the prospects for universal training? Its proponents merely say "Hopeful." Inquiry has developed that as matters now stand about half of the House Military Affairs Committee are for it, and perhaps half of the House membership. But in the cloak rooms there are heard frequent predictions that neither a large army nor universal training can

win in the lower branch. A majority of the Senate Committee is for universal training in some form or other, and the Senate itself is more favorable to it than the House.

IT is easier to go among statesmen now and find sentiment for universal training than sentiment for granting any measurable increase to the standing army. For that reason the General Staff bill to accomplish both has hard sledding ahead. The Chamberlain-Kahn bill finds its greatest opposition not to its Regular Army provision, but to the fact that it goes much further than even the War Department in its program of training the citizenry; and in its frank, bold plan to draft men in time of peace even though that draft might not be necessary for the purpose intended—keeping the regular ranks filled should volunteering drop off.

The National Guard Association has begun a barrage against both the War Department and the Chamberlain plans for universal training. The Guard sees its doom as a national defense factor in either proposal. It is true the War Department bill leaves the present federalized National Guard law as it stands, but the guardsmen can't see where they are going to get recruits when no youth can gain exemption from regular army training regardless of how long he drills in the National Guard.

The Chamberlain bill frankly reaches out to strike the National Guard out entirely as a valuable federal force. It would put the present federalized guard back to its ancient militia or "home guard" status—used only for a limit of three months in any year and only as militia, and never outside the borders of the United States. The Guard under this bill would have added difficulty of gaining recruits for other reasons. The Chamberlain bill would provide an elaborate reserve army for the national defense, and only 250 men for each congressman in the state could gain exemption from this reserve to serve in the National Guard.

The Guardsmen are after increased recognition rather than less. Major General O'Ryan favors having a section of the General Staff of the army devoted to the National Guard, and officered and manned throughout by guardsmen with supervision over the training of a large citizen soldiery more independent of the Regular Army, on the ground that the latter trains for wars and the citizen soldiery trains against wars.

The military legislation now being
(Continued on Page 32)

SPORT—Edited by Walter Trumbull

Football Prospects

By Walter Camp

WHEN one realizes that football in service teams here and abroad developed to such an extent that no less than sixty pages were necessary to cover it in the football guide, one gets some idea of the fact that, although football was of great value to our men in the Army and Navy, the game itself profited tremendously in number of followers and the experience of players through this very thing. Hence we are starting in to the season of 1919 with prospects never so bright. All the college teams that kept up football throughout the war are putting well-trained organizations in the field and the few large institutions which practically abandoned it have now come back with a zest and desire for it, increased, if anything, by the hiatus.

One may say that it is hardly to be expected that Yale, Harvard and Princeton will have teams the equal of those which battled in 1916, but if one considers what these universities are doing toward developing their organizations for this year he finds that more coaches, more systematic coaching, more widespread development of the game and finally an earlier serious start is contemplated by all. Now that means a great deal in the quality of the teams that they are likely to turn out. Princeton had a certain advantage, in that they carried a good team last year, whereas neither Yale nor Harvard had anything that could be compared to regular 'varsity teams—at any rate till the season was practically more than half over. Yale won from both these teams in 1916, and will therefore carry some of the prestige of that victory, but prestige is not enough to win games and material is what counts. Half the stars of that year are gone, but there is a nucleus of a line, and what is of pretty strong significance, two or three experienced men for the quarterback position, the keynote of a team's position. Harvard will have a fair sprinkling of her line men and two of her best backfield stars. Princeton has a more complete organization to begin with and a very promising outlook for linemen.

AT Yale Dr. Sharpe will have charge and will begin his first year of work with his Alma Mater, after having been at Penn Charter and later at Cornell. He will have a great asset in "Art" Brides, who was Yale's line coach in 1916, and will also have of that 1916 staff Billie Bull and Jack Cates, so the organization is really more extensive than it was before in regular men. At Princeton Roper will be in charge, with Keene Fitzpatrick, who himself coached the 1918 Princeton team, which did so well. At Harvard they have lost Haughton, but one of his disciples, Captain Bob Fisher, will be in charge with Reggie Brown,

Crawford Blagden, Wigglesworth, assistance from Leo Leary and very likely Withington.

Outside of this so-called Big Three we have the University of Pittsburg, under Glenn Warner, which has had the most consistently successful succession of years in its history. Warner will have one of his special stars of last year in the backfield back and it is reported that he may have two of his former great backs. He will have to do some building in the line, but he has taught many linemen and that is his forte. The mountaineers from West Virginia have cut quite a swath in the last few years, and are likely to appear on the scene to the discomfiture of some of their opponents. Rutgers will, of course, as usual, be heard from, although the team was pretty well shot to pieces toward the end of last season.

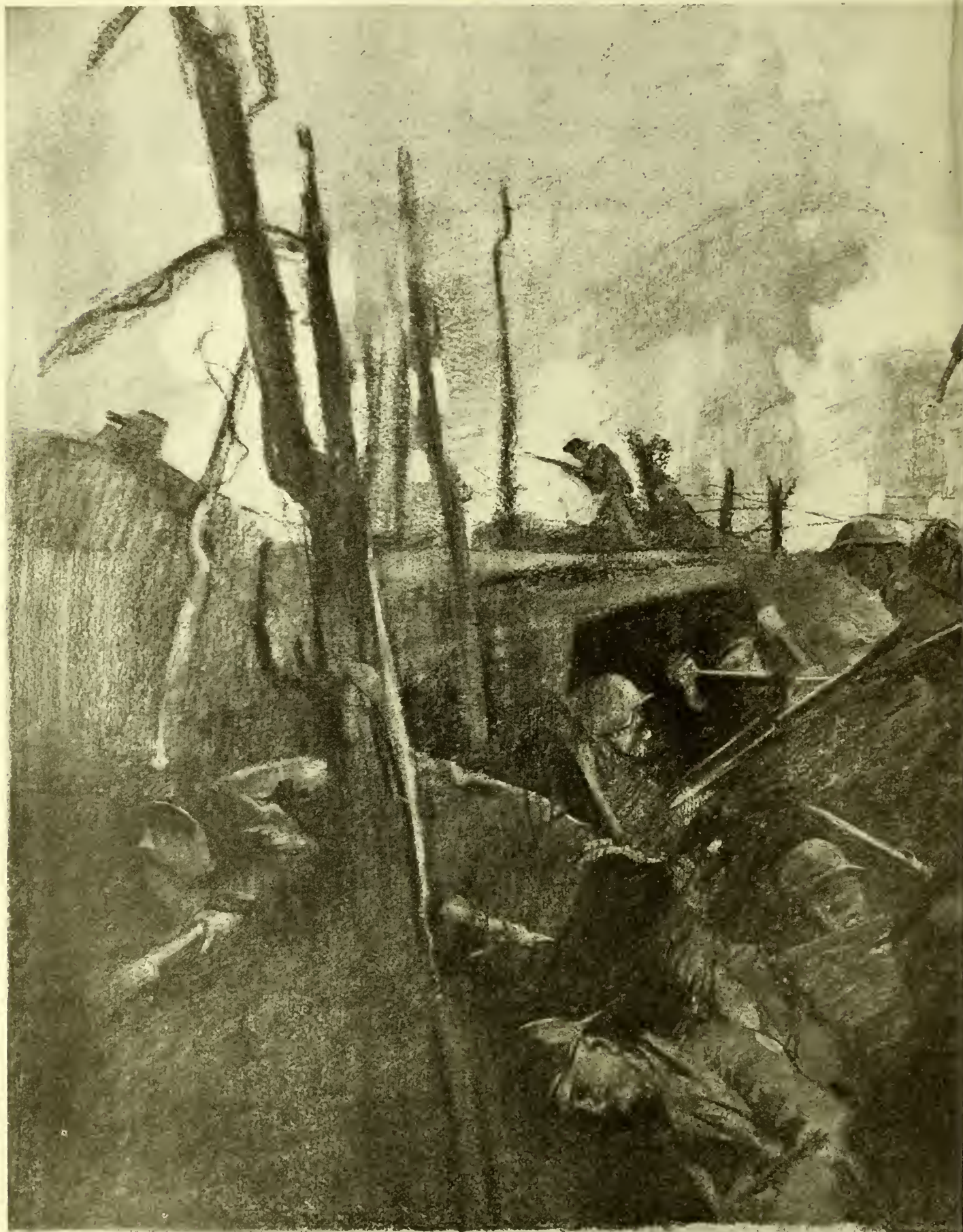
Sanford is a fine builder, and even the loss of his star, Robeson, does not mean the end of his football hopes by any means. Syracuse, under O'Neill, is planning a vigorous campaign and has some stalwart material in spite of the loss of her particular star tackle, who, it is reported, has gone into professional football. Colgate has persuaded Bankart to come back again, and that means a finely developed team out there. They will early take on Brown, who, under Coach Robinson, is planning for a revenge for that memorable wet game up in Providence when Colgate, with Anderson at quarter, demoralized Brown. The University of Pennsylvania has the most extensive and experienced coaching outfit of any of the colleges today. Captain Wharton has just come out of aviation to take general charge of outdoor athletics there, and everyone knows what Buck Wharton has meant to the Penn lines. Bob Folwell and Bill Hollenback, with a few assistants, will also be in charge of the Red and Blue's fortunes. Cornell, having given up Sharpe to Yale,

has taken on "Speedy" Rush of Princeton, and he will be helped by some of the veterans out there.

OUT in the Middle West the conference colleges are plunging into the game with unabated vigor. Harry Williams, at Minnesota, is looking forward to his season with confidence. Stagg, at Chicago, suffering severely for material for some time, is not likely to have a great amount of it, but he is a strategist and will make the most of what he has. Illinois is instituting an athletic department in the college for teaching coaches. Zuppke will bring along his team just the same. Out on the coast Stanford has at last awakened to a realizing sense that they were tying to a lost cause when they insisted upon sticking to English Rugby as against the American game. And their graduates, San Franciscans, and in fact all the Pacific Coast, is delighted to know that the old-time games between the University of California and Stanford will be revived in the good old American intercollegiate football.



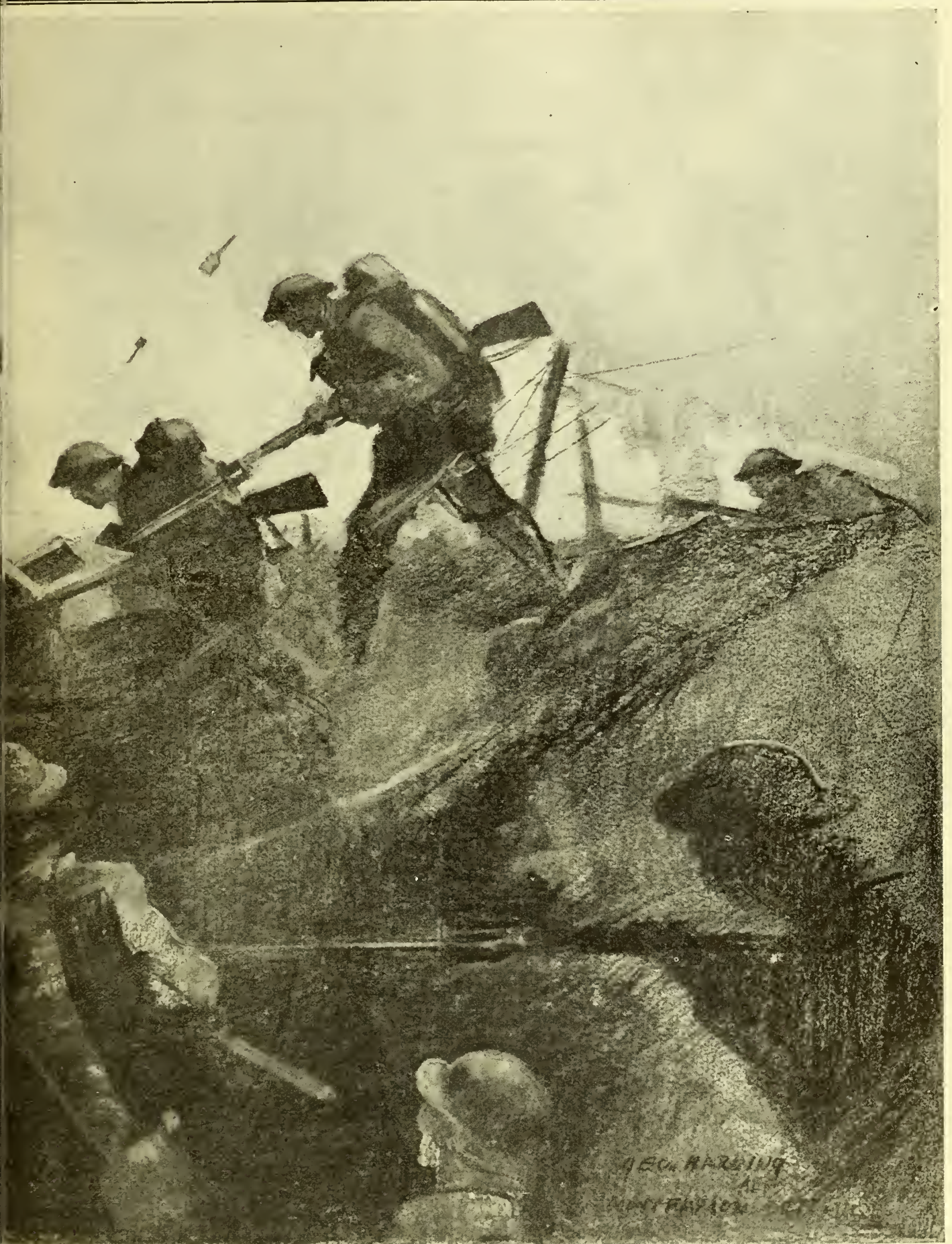
Walter Camp



Painted by George Harding

VERDUN OFFENSIVE—AMERICAN

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY presents the third group of official war paintings



TROOPS FOLLOWING BARRAGE

gs in its exclusive series "Painted at the Front" by famous American illustrators.



Gas Alert

Painted by H. Townsend



Our Cavalry

A halt on the way to the front. French cavalry coming out.

Painted by H. Townsend



Painted by H. Townsend

Mopping Up

Debt of Honor Paid with Worthless Check

(Continued from Page 9)

that in those days nobody connected with the Board earned his pay. These cheerful statements were circulated broadcast. People read of the great things in store for our wounded men, and dismissed the concern from their minds. The boys were taken care of. To this day most people not directly concerned are secure in the belief that our incapacitated men have been taken care of, in accordance with promises.

Soldiers at the front, in the camps and in the hospitals read these promises. They believed them and took hope for the future. Hope is the most easily acquired of all the virtues.

In the fullness of time the wounded began to come in and the Board's enchanting promises were put to the test. How did they fare? How did "our gallant wounded" fare in the light of these glittering pledges? Merely to repeat the figures: By September 4, 1919, thirty-three men had been completely trained and established in employment by the Board. Maimed men did not reach the Board until three weeks to six months after they had been released from hospitals. Meantime they subsisted on relatives, friends or charity, if they could not work.

To this negligence there are three parties:

The Sixty-fifth Congress, which framed the law, dividing responsibility for the invalided man's maintenance between the War Risk Insurance Bureau and the Federal Board.

The War Risk Insurance Bureau. Why it requires from three weeks to six months for the Bureau to act on a man's case after he leaves the hospital, is a mystery that has never been explained.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education which has made the worst of a bad situation imposed by law. Was more than a modicum of foresight required to anticipate the mess that came about? The Board itself is a super-centralized and cumbersome machine. With six months to prepare for the discharge rush of April and May it was swamped when applicants increased from about 200 to about 600 a week.

THE old law said the Board could not act on a man's case until the War Risk Bureau had awarded him compensation. There were thus two dispiriting waits for the wounded veteran. The first with nothing a month to live on, while the Bureau was investigating him; the second with from \$1 to \$30 a month on which to live, while the Board was deciding what to do with him. The hiatus between release from hospital and introduction into training sometimes totaled six months.

Congress was apparently the first of the triumvirate to become sufficiently disturbed by the situation to act. The original law was amended. The two-headed system of responsibility was abolished and the Board given full authority to deal with wounded at, or leaving a

hospital, without waiting for the Bureau to pass on the matter of compensation. The Sundry Civil Bill, however, decreed death to the Board by refusing to continue an adequate appropriation. The President vetoed this bill. It was re-drafted, carrying an appropriation of \$8,000,000 for the Board, which the President signed.

Then on July 11, began a fresh attempt to redeem the nation's "draft of honor," the first having failed ignominiously, and to the enduring disgrace of every official party to the consideration.

IT had been a pretty close shave for the Board. Perhaps, if its affairs were drawn before the attention of Congress again, things wouldn't fall out so fortunately. With a workable law to go on, the Board bestirred itself to produce demonstrable results. It effected a number of changes of policy. The publicity man or whoever was responsible for the flamboyant leaflets of the old regime, when promises were cheap, but couched in extravagant terms, seems to have been retired from the service.

In his stead was engaged a writer of an entirely different turn of mind. While the efforts of the new man may be lacking in some of the fine and fanciful literary qualities that characterized those of his predecessor, they are by no means the work of a slouch. Fine definitions, cold distinctions, precise classifications, hair-line interpretations of the act, all bespeak an astute legal training. Proof is lacking, of course, but something prompts us to disbelieve that he is one of the discharged soldiers or sailors who now comprise twenty or more per cent. of the Board's employed personnel.

His principal work is presented in a mimeograph volume of one-hundred-odd pages, entitled, "Regulations for District Offices in the Administration of the Vocational Rehabilitation Law, Effective August 1, 1919." This is the code—the district vocational officers' bible.

Congress provided that men in training receive \$80 a month from the Board, with additional allowances for dependents, reaching as high as \$70 in case of disabled veterans having eight or more minor children. By receiving this, however, the applicant forfeits his right to compensation from the War Risk Bureau, unless that compensation be in excess of what he draws from the Board. Then the Bureau pays him the difference between its award and that of the Board. Thus a man does not actually lose any money by taking the Board's training.

FROM this bit of parsimony the Board takes inspiration and elaborates the idea in the Regulations. To make sure that no maimed man in training is permitted to receive more than \$80 a month while a ward of the government, any wages he may earn while perfecting himself in his new vocation is appropriated by the Board. Section 704 of the Regulations says:

"All disabled men in placement-training will have set off against the training pay described, such wages as may be paid to him, by the employer in whose establishment he is being trained, for services rendered during training."

To make sure that the unfortunate cripple does not connive to hold out any of the money thus earned by the toil of his hands, the Regulations provide:

"District offices, on advising Central office of commencement of a course, shall report the wages to be received by the men from the employer during the period of training."

What American can read those words without a burning blush of shame? This is worse than convict labor. A felon is assumed to have committed a crime. These men only gave their health and strength as citizens in arms. What incentive has the maimed man to acquire proficiency in his calling, when he is denied his reward while learning? What incentive has the employer to pay the man a decent wage when the money is stolen from the crippled worker's pockets? The situation puts a premium on a thing almost too despicable to conceive: exploitation of the feeble labor of these mutilated heroes.

IT may be noted also that the men who are thus made the victims of this pound-of-flesh policy are the same men as are thrown on charity for medical attention, in conformity with Section 703 of the Regulations, quoted earlier in this article.

The Regulations set forth a program of classification, selection and elimination among afflicted men, with the declared intention of reducing the number eligible for training at the present time. Disabled men fall into three categories, with reference to the extent of vocational handicap—"major," "minor" and "negligible" handicaps. Only such men as under the Board's rulings fall into the first-named class are being given training now. While recognizing its duty—which under the law it cannot escape—toward men the Board sees fit to class as possessing "minor" or "negligible" handicaps, the Regulations explicitly instruct agents of the Board to shirk that duty. Section 601 says:

"Agents of the Board are not to attempt the placement of men who have minor or negligible handicaps. All such men are to be referred to the Federal State Employment Agencies."

In which the Board reveals it has learned something by association with a type of army men. In the service it is called passing the buck.

There are some peculiar things about passing the buck. Hard and fast rules do not always obtain. Despite the above instructions to agents, the Board realizes that certain minor or negligible handicap men may be in a position to demand training and get it. Provision has been made for such contingencies. Minor handicap men, if they draw compensation

(Continued on Page 28)

America's Eyes Turn Seaward

The U. S. Needs Men to Man its Merchant Marine and Make their Futures

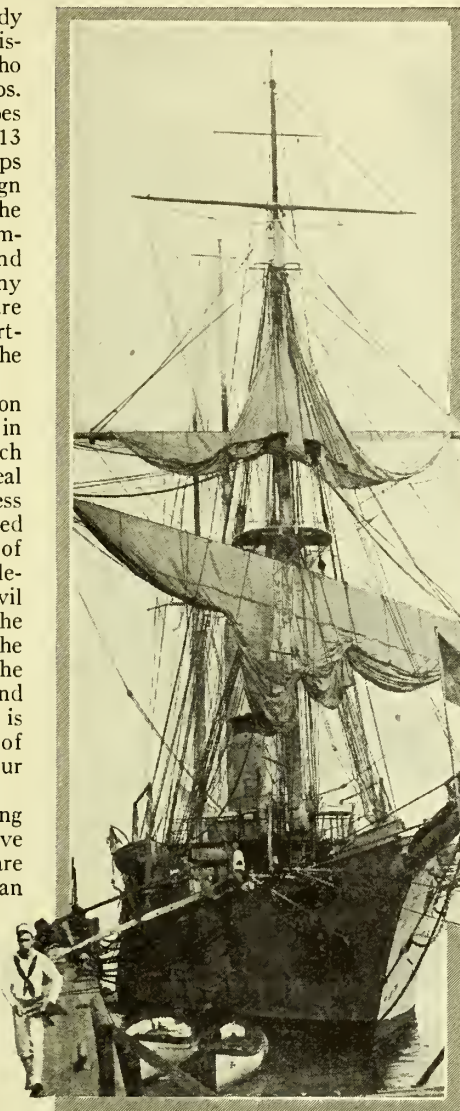
OPPORTUNITIES await hardy young Americans for whom distance lends enchantment and who would go down to the sea in ships. Merchantmen flying the Stars and Stripes are on the seven seas again. In 1913 there were only thirteen American ships of more than 2,000 tons in the foreign trade. When the building program of the United States Shipping Board is completed in 1920 there will be three thousand such ships. There are almost that many now. The trade routes of the world are being remade. The importing and exporting trades, the world over, are at the dawn of a new expansion.

This situation calls for the re-creation of a considerable seafaring population in the United States. It will support such a population. The life seems to appeal strongly to ex-service men. A restless spirit has been the legacy of the discharged soldier since wars began. Veterans of the Revolution pushed beyond the Alleghenies; returned soldiers from the Civil War populated the vast plains of the West; men who fought in Cuba and the Philippines have figured largely in the development of Alaska and the island possessions we acquired in 1898. It is natural that many of our men just out of France should turn to the likeliest of our new virgin fields—the sea.

And they are. Fifteen thousand young men between the ages of 18 and 25 have elected the sea as their calling and are now in training on the decks of American merchantmen. At the recruiting office of the United States Shipping Board in New York there is a room full of young men making inquiries and signing up. Most of them bear the stamp of recent service with the fighting forces. Many had never seen the ocean before they boarded a transport. They want to go to sea because they think they'd "like the life." Others are out of the Navy or the Naval Reserve or Naval Militia and are sure they would like it. What is true of the New York office of the Shipping Board is probably true of its other offices in the principal ports of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific seaboard.

ALIFE where there is plenty to learn, plenty to do and plenty to see awaits these young men. It is a hard and healthful calling, and one with a touch of adventure and a bit of the old salt romance about it that catches the young fancy. However, after going through the training ship mill or a few months' deck duty the beginner learns that much of the romance is implied rather than actual, and likewise, by that time, if he sticks to it, it is a pretty good sign that he is reasonably sure he wants to be a sailor.

For the ambitious young man going to sea at this stage of the game, there are, by and large, two courses open to him with regard to future career. He can



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The Newport

stick to the ship and rise to the top in the seaman's calling, with prospects of a good berth afloat or an executive job ashore in the end. Or he may acquire a various and valuable knowledge in the course of three or four years' trade and travel in foreign ports, then quit the sea and turn that knowledge to account in some industry allied with shipping or dependent upon it. And in these days of world commerce this embraces most great industries.

Unlike the Navy, where he enlists for a period of years, a sailor in the merchant service ships only for the voyage. This enables him to control his movements to an extent impossible in most shore employments. When a voyage becomes monotonous by repetition, or devoid of future possibilities, he may ship by another route, and he has the wide world to select from. But for the man who has decided to make his career on

the sea, sticking by one line is as good a policy to follow afloat as ashore.

There are several ways of going to sea as a beginner. One way is to walk along the docks, pick out a likely looking craft—a tramp affords the best chances—and ask some sailor to present you to the captain. If the captain stands in need of hands and likes your looks he will sign you on. This is the old-fashioned way. Perhaps the better way now is to tackle the employment office of the great corporations who own their boats, or apply at the offices of steamship lines of the United States Shipping Board. At the Customs House in almost any port information can be obtained as to the location of such recruiting offices.

THE Shipping Board maintains several training ships working out of Boston, New York, New Orleans and San Francisco. These trained 10,000 merchant seamen during the war and are still training them to man the ships to be launched in our building program. Four school ships, the *Albat*, *Lake Sturgeon*, *Utoka* and *Wisconset* recently made a voyage from New York to Cuba, each manned by 200 student seamen. They carried cement down and brought sugar back, clearing \$20,000 on the voyage. This about paid expenses.

New York State and Massachusetts each maintain a school ship—the *Ranger* of New York and the *Newport* of Boston. There are frequent opportunities to get aboard these vessels. Inquiries should be directed to the Board of Governors, New York State Nautical School, New York City, or of the Massachusetts State Nautical School, Boston.

A great many shipping concerns are on the lookout for ambitious young men who aspire to careers at sea. Shipping men generally believe that by perseverance a beginner can learn about as much seamanship shipping on an ordinary merchantman as on a school ship. The life may be a little easier on the school ship, and the instruction a little better calculated to win fast advancement, but many of the best of seamen still come up from the decks.

Then there is the cadet system of training. Under an old act of Congress one cadet must be carried on each mail ship for each thousand of gross tonnage in the ship. There are, of course, private navigation schools ashore, where the aspirant may pick up such theoretical knowledge as will aid him at sea. At least a high-school education is advisable for those who would rise rapidly. The land-lubber who ships on a merchantman becomes an ordinary seaman first. It takes three years' deck duty to become an A. B. (able-bodied seaman) or one year if the beginner is a graduate of a train-

ing ship or can pass a special examination. A man must be two years an A. B. before he can become a third mate, or one year if he is a school-ship graduate, or can pass an examination which should not be difficult for high-school graduates.

Now as to pay. The last Shipping Board table shows the monthly honorariums for sea jobs run from \$65 to nearly \$350 a month. It should be borne in mind, however, that these figures represent a much greater value in a sea than a shore job. Board and bed are free, as in the Army or Navy. The earner is at sea two-thirds of the time where he has no chance to spend money, and no need to spend it. One ex-soldier now passing coal for \$70 a month on a boat shipping out of New York figures he is making as much as a landsman who draws down \$140. Men with experience in such matters say his calculations are about right.

ORDINARY seamen begin at a lower wage than starters in some of the other departments, but the chances for advancement are considered a little better. From a \$65 job he may rise to master and draw down from \$340 to \$400, according to the size of the ship. Perhaps the next best chance lies in the engine room, where in the course of seven or eight years a bright youngster with an aptitude for mechanics may work up from coal passer to engineer and make better than \$300 a month.

The messman's opportunity lies in either advancing to chief steward at a salary around \$160 or acquiring experience for a future in the hotel or restaurant business. A great many pursers on the large trans-Atlantic liners earn from \$250 to \$300 a month. Tips are a feature of this job—a distasteful feature to most men who have been soldiers.

Below is the pay table in effect on ships of the Shipping Board the last of July. The figures given are for vessels of from 5,000 to 7,500 tons, about the size of the ordinary merchantman. On larger ships the pay runs as much as twenty per cent. more for some of the higher ratings.

Master, \$343.75; 1st Officer, \$222.50; 2nd Officer, \$193.75; 3rd Officer, \$170.00; Carpenter, \$100.00; Boatswain, \$95.00; Able Seaman, \$85.00; Ordinary Seaman, \$65.00; Chief Engineer, \$318.75; 1st Assistant Engineer, \$222.50; 2nd Assistant Engineer, \$193.75; 3rd Assistant Engineer, \$170.00; Deck Engineer, \$100.00; Pumpman, \$100.00; Oiler, \$95.00; Water-tender, \$95.00; Storekeeper, \$95.00; Fireman, \$90.00; Wiper, \$75.00; Coal Passer, \$75.00; Chief Steward, \$160.00; 2nd Steward, \$95.00; Chief Cook, \$135.00; 2nd Cook, \$100.00; 3rd Cook, \$90.00; Vegetable Cook, \$75.00; Cook's Mate, \$70.00; Baker, \$115.00; 2nd Baker, \$85.00; Steam Cook, \$85.00; Butcher, \$95.00; 2nd Butcher, \$85.00; Storekeeper, \$85.00; Pantryman, \$75.00; Scullion, \$70.00; Endman, \$70.00; Messman, \$70.00; Doctor, \$150.00; Chief Radio Operator, \$125.00; Assistant Radio Operator, \$100.00.

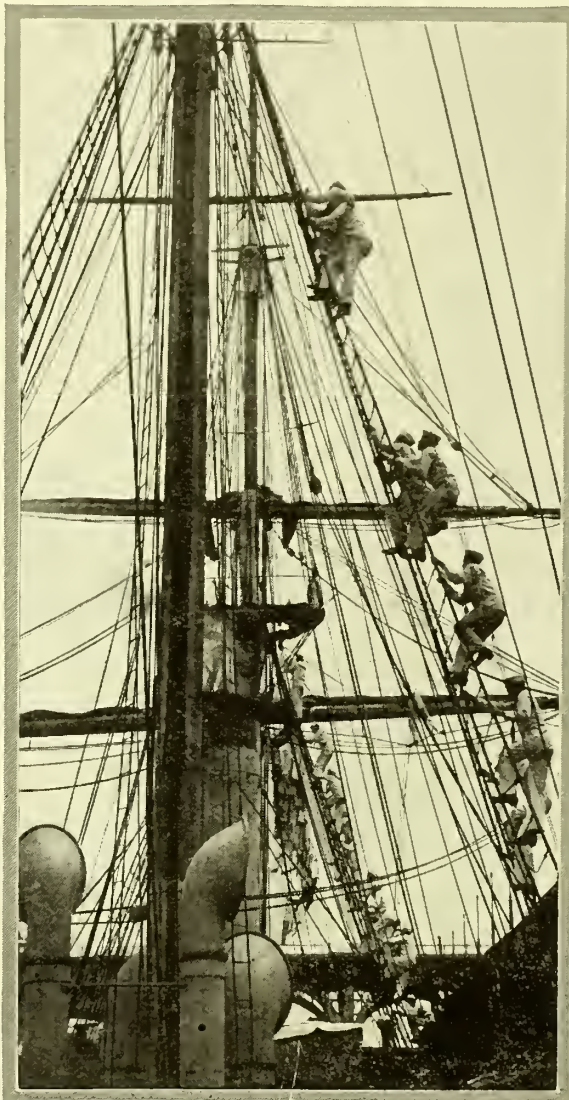
For the man who would use service on the sea as a stepping stone to other things there are opportunities. The

marine superintendents at the piers and terminals of the big shipping concerns are almost without exception men who started as deck-swabbing seamen. Most of them got their first taste on a tramp. Big exporting and importing houses have promoted many men from sea jobs to positions of responsibility ashore in connection with the carrying end of their businesses. The alert man who has served his time in the sugar trade from Java, the manganese or nitrate trade from the Chilean coast, the coffee trade from Brazil or the oil trade from Mexico

loading problems. He studies the business methods of various peoples. He learns foreign languages. He becomes acquainted with "the trade." A man who knows South America, the Indies, Australia or Mexico by actual contact is invaluable to concerns trading with those parts.

EXPORTING and importing firms, whose business is as certain to flourish and as productive of opportunities to acquire power and wealth as almost any business now open, continually require native Americans to go abroad as representatives of the home firm. Such men, needless to say, must have some previous training and experience in foreign countries, and there could be little better training in many ways than that which the ambitious seaman acquires on his trips. He must of course, keep his eyes open and his mind on the problems of ocean transportation, but if he does, his work would make him particularly valuable in the traffic and shipping departments of trading firms. Here there is constantly trouble over instances of bad loading, resulting in damage to goods, or in delayed shipments, due to lack of cargo space. Incidentally, foreign buyers have complained that this is particularly true of American trade. Men who could forestall such trouble would be valuable assets to any importer or exporter.

Shipping firms, aside from exporters and importers, can also make good use of men with first-hand knowledge of foreign ports. In the past it has not been characteristic of young America to travel; it was too content at home. The result is that those who have had the advantage of travel and work abroad are scarce and are in demand by the firms who deal across the three-mile limit. As a nation, we have known pitifully little about our neighbors. Now, however, our opportunities in the foreign field are catching the attention of wide-awake men in all paths of industry; we have the interest in foreign affairs developed by the war; and it may soon become a case of first come, first served.



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Laying Aloft in Whites

is of value to houses who handle those commodities.

That is, if he availed himself of his opportunities for observation and study in foreign ports. The old-time sailor seldom got much farther than the fore-castle, because in port he generally spent his time doing two things: working loading and unloading cargo, and carousing in a waterfront dive. The modern merchant seaman who would rise avails his spare time in foreign ports studying the customs and manners of the people. He may take a leave and visit the places his cargo originates, the mines the ores come from, the plantations where the coffee is grown. He studies stowage and

BUT with all its opportunities the sea affords no royal road to fortune. It has its drawbacks as well as its compensations. It means separation from home and family, which in the case of married men, not of seafaring lineage, is a great hardship. It is a man's game, but for the one who enjoys rough comfort, is master enough of himself not to yield to even a casual temptation to dissipate, and is willing to work and study, life at sea pays about as well as life ashore in prospects and satisfaction. It is no life for the man who likes his slipped ease before the fire at night. But for the man who likes his life strongly flavored with hard work, privations and the element of danger, for such as he the sea always calls.

BULLETIN



BOARD

A resolution dealing with vocational training was passed at a recent regular meeting of one hundred and fifty disabled soldiers, members of the Opportunity School, Denver, Colorado. It sets forth that the money appropriated by Congress for Vocational Training is insufficient for the probable 100,000 men who need such training; that courses which should take three or more years are being condensed into six or nine months; that Congress, having furnished financial aid to many foreign countries, can justly be expected to make adequate provision for our disabled men in as generous terms as Canada has done; and that therefore the American Legion use its influence to secure necessary appropriations to carry on the work which has been well begun but which is threatened by failure through lack of funds.

Great success has attended the scheme of getting jobs for soldiers which was conceived by Charles S. Burleigh, of Boston. He has enlisted the aid of three hundred and one influential business men of Boston, each of them pledged to secure suitable employment for ten deserving service men. To date the committee has more than fulfilled expectations by placing 2,921 veterans. Mr. Burleigh himself has secured work for 205, while the Massachusetts Technical and Commercial Employment Association has placed 500. The success of this plan makes it worth while study on the part of Legion posts which are now wrestling with the problem.

Bonds for veterans, to be issued in quantity proportionate to the length of service in the war, are suggested in a bill (H. R. 7191) now before the House Committee on Appropriations, introduced by Mr. Jones, of Texas. The bill proposes to have Congress appropriate not more than \$3,000,000,000 to be issued in tax-exempt bonds bearing 4 per cent. interest. Veterans would receive a \$50 bond for each month or major portion of a month of service.

The oldest living man in this country is said to be John Shell, of Lexington, Ky., who, the papers say, is 131 years old. He celebrated his last birthday by taking his first automobile ride and interviewing the press. The oldest of his twenty-nine children is over ninety years of age. He was married five years before the war of 1812, and was turned down for service in the Civil War because he was too old.

Thirty-one German sea captains who disabled their interned ships in order that they would be useless to the Allies, arrived in New York recently on the way from Havana to Germany. They found an unpleasant surprise waiting for them, for they were interned on Ellis Island until their ship was ready to sail.

"She's a corker," says General McGlachlin, commander of the First Division, speaking of Miss Cora Van Norden, who had charge of the Salvation Army work for his organization. She wears the Croix de Guerre, Salonica ribbon, Serbian ribbon, and Greek ribbon, with two silver stars for citations by the general. After being with the Division at the front she stayed with it on its march to Coblentz, covering the entire distance on foot.



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First-Sergeant Dan Daly of the Marines is said to have more decorations than any man in this country.

Lost—one D. S. C. citation. A member of Saginaw Post No. 22, Michigan, found in Germany a citation to Corporal Donald D. Palmer, Company C, 107th Field Signal Battalion, signed by General Pershing. The citation is in safekeeping with the Saginaw Post until the owner reads this bulletin.

All organizations of women relatives of those who served in the war will amalgamate, if the proposition is adopted which will be proposed at the coming Baltimore conference of the War Mothers of America. This will be the second annual convention of the Mothers.

An earlier issue of the WEEKLY contained the statement that the Red Cross had discontinued its Information Service for the benefit of the families of men at the front. The statement referred to the work of the Bureau of Communication, which, because so many men have left Europe in such a short time, has been unable to act as a Post Office Department between soldiers and their families. The regular Information Service is doing an unusual volume of work.

Marquette, Wisconsin, is going at the alien problem in the right way. Eight men who denied their intention of becoming Americans in order to escape the draft recently applied anew for citizenship. Judge R. C. Flannigan informed them that not only would they not get American citizenship now but that never in the future would they be welcome under the Stars and Stripes. Two of them were refused a hearing at all. The newspapers of the State published the names of the alien gentlemen for all men to read.

Another thing the war brought to the German army was a large number of desertions. Figures published in Germany show that 100,000 officers and men fled from service.

The champion doughnut eater of the American Expeditionary Force, William J. Long, of Providence, R. I., is back from France with the Croix de Cruller, the decoration which the other members of the Third Division presented to him when he shattered all records for doughnut consumption. Veracious witnesses of the feat declare that on last July 4th Long ate two hundred and forty-nine doughnuts in twenty-four hours.

William Hohenzollern finds it difficult to break old habits; he still deems it necessary to travel in considerable state. His baggage, which is being transported from Germany to Holland, fills five railroad cars.

The old Army War College is extinct. In its place has risen the new General Staff College, with Major-General James W. McAndrew as first president.

Be patient if you do not get your back pay for a few years. William H. Sands, of Van Wert, Ohio, fought through the Civil War in the Ohio Heavy Artillery and was discharged with seven dollars owing him. He got it—in 1908, forty-three years after he left the Army.

There is a bill now being considered by the House that would permit honorably discharged soldiers and sailors to purchase supplies from the commissary stores of the Army and Navy. Thousands will be trampled to death in the rush for Manchurian beans.

The Rock

(Continued from Page 15)

I told him as we walked back to my house. I said nothing about Mary Perran, but I think the old chap understood. "That the other party in the wager?" he asked.

I admitted that he was, and Captain Withen shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you let him have the first try," he said. "He'll break his neck."

I went round that night to the inn and fixed up the matter.

IT was Abraham Kington who funk'd it when we came to the test, and the terror seemed to come upon him suddenly in the midst of all his brag and boasting.

I remember that it was very early in the morning, and that the rising sun threw a very long, dark shadow of the rock over the smooth, dew-sprinkled turf. No one in the village had been told of our plans. We had no desire for a crowd—for the screams of silly women, or the shouted advice of men who would never themselves have attempted the task.

We stood alone in the sunshine, like two men about to fight a duel without seconds. We each wore sweaters, flannel trousers, and heavy, thickly nailed boots. I had left old Withen asleep in his bed, under the impression that I had given up the idea altogether.

Well, Kington looked a fine fellow, and he was as cheery as a cricket—I suppose they are cheery when they go chirping all night.

"A boy could do it," he kept on saying. "I could do it with my eyes shut."

"Well, you go first," I said, "and if I don't follow you you'll know I've given in."

"You'll follow all right," he laughed, "and if you get to the top of either pinnacle I'll clear out of Corthellis before midday and you'll never see me here again."

Then I remembered Mary Perran, and that I had left no message for her if I had the bad luck to break my neck. I took a piece of paper from the pocket of my coat, wrote a few words on it, doubled up the sheet, and handed it to Kington.

"You'll see she gets that," I said, "if I come a cropper."

"I will," he said. "I like your pluck."

Then I asked him if *he* had any message, and he laughed, and slapped his broad chest, and said he'd give it himself to the girl.

Then we talked of one thing and another, waiting for the damp to go from the walls of the fissure.

And then, suddenly, from behind the corner of the rock, where there was just room enough for a man to stand on a little ledge between a yard of the eastern pinnacle and the edge of the cliff, stepped Captain Withen.

"Well, boys," he said, "what's the game?"

"I left you in bed and asleep," I answered angrily.

"No—no!" he replied. "My door was locked, and I have the key in my pocket."

"We don't want any sightseers," said Kington roughly.

"Sorry," Captain Withen answered, "but I'm going to stay. I'm Captain Withen—you may have heard of me—an old mountaineer."

Kington shook his head, and then it was that he suddenly showed a change of front.

"The doctor was jesting," he said; "one'd have to be a fly to crawl up that thing."

All the brag and boasting seemed to have gone out of the fellow. His face was pale, and he was actually trembling. And it suddenly occurred to me that he had never intended to climb the rock at all—that he had intended, at the last moment, to plead illness, and let me make the first attempt and break my neck.

And I was right. When I drew him aside and protested, he said:

"I've come over a bit faint. You can go through with it or not, as you like. If you want me to leave Corthellis by midday, you'll have to go through with it."

It was my turn to jeer now.

"Your climb," I said, "has nothing to do with the job. If you're afraid, you can stay on the ground. I'm going through with it."

We walked back to Captain Withen.

"I'm going up first," I said, "as far as I can get. Kington is not feeling very well."

Captain Withen looked at the great fellow and smiled.

"Not very well, eh? No, Mr. Kington, you don't look at all well."

"Besides," Kington added, "I've no head for this sort of thing. It makes me dizzy."

"Some people are like that," old Withen replied.

Then he tried to dissuade me from the attempt, but I would not listen to him. He caught me by the arm, but I freed it and ran up the green path that led to the fissure.

I heard his angry voice as I climbed the easy portion near the base. And then there was silence, like the silence in a circus when the acrobat is timing a swing and an error may mean death.

I WAS nearly at the top of the chimney when my strength failed me, and every muscle in my limbs and body trembled as though they were being jerked by an electric current. I looked up at the blue sky, and then at the smooth wall of rock that faced me. Another three yards and the most difficult part of all would come. But after that it would be easy enough. Three yards! If it had been three inches I could not have accomplished it. It seemed like three miles. I was beaten.

But it would be easy enough to descend. Instead of lifting the weight of my body, I should merely have to let it down, foot

by foot, keeping the tension that held me in the crevice.

I came down two yards, and then I realized that even the descent was too much for me. I called out, knowing that I might as well have called out to the blue sky itself to save me. And then—I remembered this quite well—I thought of Mary Perran, and wondered if she would marry Kington.

"Ladders and ropes!" shouted Captain Withen. "Quick!"

I heard that very distinctly, and then Kington's voice.

"Hold on, doctor—you'll be all right! I'm coming up to you. Keep as you are! You're quite safe!"

And though I knew Kington for a braggart and a liar, there was something in his voice that steadied me. For a little while there was silence, and then the sound of something moving below me—a curious, shuffling, scraping sound.

And then, quite close to me—Kington's voice!

"I can take you down," it said. "When I touch you, you can rest all your weight on me. Put your arms behind you, and hang on to my body. Don't touch my arms."

Our bodies touched, and I did as he told me.

"I'll get you down," he said, "and then we'll be quits. That's all I wanted—just to be quits with you."

It was like a horrible dream—that slow descent between the two walls of rock. I could feel that gigantic body quivering beneath my weight. I could feel the extraordinary hardness and tension of the great muscles. I could hear Kington breathing hard, but not a word was spoken.

And then, as I heard Captain Withen's voice close to my ear, I fainted.

WHEN I came to my senses, old Withen was leaning over me.

"You're all right, boy," he said. "But you'll be a bit stiff for a few days."

"Where's Kington?" I said feebly, as I could see no sign of the man who had saved my life.

"Oh, he's gone on," Withen replied. "Now, you just lie quiet for a bit. Kington's sending along a horse and trap."

It was not until the evening that Withen told me that Kington had left the village. I was lying on the sofa in my smoking-room when I heard the news, and I raised myself to a sitting position and said:

"Without a message for me?"

"He said he'd won the wager," old Withen replied.

I sank back with a groan and closed my eyes. Of course I had *not* won the wager. There was something very odd about the whole business. Why had Kington pretended that he was afraid to climb the rock?

"I don't understand," I said after a pause. "It seems like a miracle. The man was afraid—"

(Continued on Page 30)



BURSTS AND DUDS



steps led him to the river.

"Ah!" he said in utter despair, "how tempting it looks!" He was almost inclined to plunge in and end it all.

All of a sudden he heard a splash and, looking around, he saw his friend Green struggling in the water. Without attempting to save him he rushed off to the local house agent.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Green has fallen in the river. Can I have his house?"

"Sorry," said the house agent. "I've already let it to the man who pushed him in."—*London Ideas.*

A flashily dressed young man entered a large office and enquired of the busy boss: "Have you an opening for a bright young man?"

"Yes," growled the boss, "and don't slam it as you go out."

Guest—"I would have been here sooner, but I had the misfortune to puncture a tire on a broken bottle."

Host—"But couldn't you see the bottle?"

Guest—"Well, hardly; you see it was in the pocket of the fellow I ran over."—*Life.*

Fat Lady: "I would like to see a waist that would fit me, please."

Clerk: "So would I, lady."

At a Minneapolis club a discussion of the Bible came up. One man claimed he could not become interested in the Bible, although he was not an infidel. His friend suggested that inasmuch as he was going to Europe and would spend two weeks on the water, he read the Bible through.

When he returned, his friend asked him if he had read the Bible. He answered that he had, and had liked it, except for one thing: "You devote 234 pages to St. Paul and never say a word about Minneapolis, confound it."

She: "Truly, am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He: "You are a darling; and it makes me happy to hear you say I am the first man that ever kissed you."

She: "If I am the first, how does it happen you do it so expertly?"

He: "And if I am the first, how do you know whether I do it expertly or not?"—*As you were.*



Private Murphy badly needed a week-end pass, but he had had so many his chances looked very slim. However, he paraded before his C. O.

"Sorr, I would loike to get a week-end pass."

"What's the matter this time? Your grandmother hasn't died again, surely?"

"No, sorr; it's loike this, sorr. Oi've a brother who was born blind, sorr, and he's just got his sight and wants to see me, sorr."

What are the two principal parts of a sentence?

The Jackie replied: "Solitary confinement and bread and water."—*The Hiker.*

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars, for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion. The prize winners last week were: Jesse G. Hamilton, Braddock, Pa.; Horace L. Jacobs, Williamsport, Pa.; O. E. Baynard, Plant City, Fla.; Cedric H. Ostrom, Plainfield, N. J.; Clinton N. Curtis, Horseheads, N. Y.; Hili J. Swanson, Minneapolis, Minn.; John B. Williams, Richmond, Va.; Erwin B. Stone, Morgantown, W. Va.; William V. V. Stephens, Yonkers, N. Y.

"Heels together! Stand up straight, and button that blouse! Don't you know enough to salute an officer yet?" demanded the C. O. of the new sentry.

"Nope. Just got here yesterday and ain't much acquainted yet."

"Well," replied the C. O., taken aback, "I am the Colonel of the Regiment and the commanding officer of this post."

"Good job, old man. Hang on to it," replied the rookie.

"How would you like to hear your children crying for bread?" asked the presiding elder, who was endeavoring to raise a fund for the impecunious Armenians.

"I reckon it would be a pleasant change," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "They are always bellerin' for terbacker now."—*Kansas City Star.*

"Say, Joe, the other day I saw sixteen men under one umbrella, and not one of them got wet."

"Gosh! How was that?"

"It wasn't raining."

A squad from a famous Irish regiment "clicked" the job of burying some Boche dead. After burying about a dozen, they came across a Fritz who whispered, "Me no dead." And how about this bucko?" said Private Mike to Sergeant Pat, "he ses hez alive." "In wid him," exclaimed Pat, "you couldn't be believin' one o' them on oath."



A young Swede in South Dakota who had been sent out to collect bills for the general store returned with this report:

"Yon Brown, he say he pay when he sell his wheat; Ole Oleson, he say he pay when he sell his oats; and Yon Yonson, he say he pay in Yanuary."

"In January," repeated the proprietor, surprised. "Why, he never set a date before. Are you sure he said January?"

"Vell, Ay tank it bane Yanuary. He say it bane dam cold day when you get your money."

DON'TS

Try to understand the value of a ruble—measure them in pecks.

Lay everything on the Q. M.—his batting average is only 999 per cent.

Think the war is over—Congress is just getting its ammunition—hold on to your gas mask.

Try to say more than one Russian word per minute; if you exceed that limit you are liable to be sent to the hospital as "loco," to say nothing of the danger of getting tongue-tied and lock-jaw.

Speak of cold weather, transports, the prune gardens of California, or the girl you left behind—men are killed for less than that in these parts.

Use too much sob-stuff in your letters to the folks back home; the censors are pretty well fed-up on such Bullshevisms.

Worry about the "offs" in Russian names—everything is off around here.

Patronize Chinese booze peddlers—you are sure to lose touch with current events if you do.—*Here and There With the 31st (Vladivostok, Siberia).*

An officer inspecting sentries guarding the line in Flanders came across a raw-looking yeoman.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"To report anything unusual, sir."

"What would you call unusual?"

"I dunno exactly, sir."

"What would you do if you saw five battleships steaming across that field yonder?"

"Sign the pledge, sir."—*Biand for you.*



INFORMATION

The American Legion Weekly will undertake to answer in this column practical questions asked by readers affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in the order of their receipt, except that precedence may be given now and then to questions of a wide general interest.

Back Premiums

To the Editor: I was discharged on April 3d. While in the army I was carrying \$10,000 insurance on which I paid a monthly premium of \$6.50. Since being discharged I have paid no premium. I now wish to reinstate \$2,000 of my insurance as of October 1st. Do I have to pay all back premium for the intervening months on the full \$10,000.

DAVID KALTZ.

San Diego, Cal.

You have to pay only two months' premium on the amount of insurance which you wish to reinstate. You have to pay the premium on \$2,000 insurance for the month of May, which was the grace period during which you were fully protected, and for \$2,000 for the month of October, which is the month in which you wish to reinstate your insurance. You do not pay for the intervening months, nor do you have to pay the premium on the full \$10,000 for the grace period. In other words by sending in \$2.60 together with application for reinstatement your insurance becomes in full force again as of the first day of October, if you so request.

Insurance Laws

To the Editor: While in the army I was carrying \$10,000 insurance. I wish to convert this under the twenty-year endowment policy but I can by no means afford to pay the full \$10,000 insurance and will have to reduce it to \$3,000.

As I understand it if I should die before the expiration of twenty years my beneficiary would only receive \$5.75 per month on every \$1,000 of insurance I carry. Please let me know if this is correct, as, if it is, I do not feel that the insurance is attractive enough for me to take since under present conditions \$17.25 per month would be practically useless to my beneficiary.

HAROLD GRAY.

Fargo, N. D.

Under the present law government insurance is payable to the beneficiary on death of the insured in monthly installments of \$5.75 on every \$1,000 insurance carried.

There is at present, however, pending before Congress legislation which proposes to make government insurance payable in one lump sum at maturity if the insured so elects. The American Legion is back of this legislation and assurance is given that it will pass. Then your insurance instead of being payable in monthly installments covering a period of twenty years will be paid at once in one lump sum to your beneficiary.

War Risk Troubles

To the Editor: Did you say you were willing to help out on War Risk Insurance troubles? Here's mine: I am carrying \$10,000, on which, up to July 1, 1919, I paid a monthly premium of \$7.20. I was mustered out on July 12, 1919, and at the time was given a slip on which was stamped that my next premium (at the rate of \$7.30) was due August 1, 1919. Accordingly I sent a check to the Secretary of the Treasury for that amount. Yesterday I received a so-called "Premium Notice Receipt," covering the month of August and instructing me to remit \$9.40.

Have you any idea what this is and what I am to do about it? Any information you can give me will be appreciated.

New York City. SAMUEL H. WILDE.

If the monthly premium on this insurance prior to July 1, 1919, was \$7.20, it should be only \$7.30 after July 1. The first premium after discharge was due on August 1, and the check for \$7.30 sent then to the Secretary of the Treasury makes the August record clear. The Premium Receipt Notice should be disregarded, as it is incorrect. This case has been referred to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance for correction.

Victory Bars

To the Editor: Would you be so kind as to advise me where I can purchase the following items: Victory Bar, Gold service chevron, Paris shoulder insignia, corporal's chevrons with the Q. M. C. emblem attached, if possible.

Akron, O. HARRIS T. LYON.

These articles can probably be purchased at stores dealing in military supplies.

There were a few wise ones who looked with misgiving on the records in driving rivets which our shipyards were making during the war. Their fears have turned out to be founded in fact. The ports of the world are dotted with American ships laid up because among other things, they leak like sieves through their faulty riveting. A traveler reports that he saw one such ship disabled in Para, Brazil; another in Lisbon, Portugal; two more at Lerix-aoes, Portugal; and one at Funchal, Madeira.

The Come Back has been offering prizes for the most popular man among its readers. When the last day for voting drew near a mess sergeant was leading the lists by a close margin. Times must have changed—or mess sergeants.

A WORTHLESS CHECK

(Continued from Page 22)

for their injuries from the War Risk Bureau, theoretically may obtain training under the Board. They draw no pay from the Board, however. This is the Board's own ruling, its own close-fisted construction of Section 3 of the law of July 11, which provides:

"That courses of vocational rehabilitation provided for under this act, shall be made available for the benefit of any person who is disabled under circumstances entitling him to compensation under Article III of said act (War Risk Insurance Act) and who shall not be included in Section 2 hereof." (Section 2, being reserved for "major handicaps.")

The "courses provided for under this act" include all courses the Board might designate under authority of Section 2.

The only limitations in Section 3 lie in "as far as practicable and under such conditions as the board may prescribe (this training shall) be available without cost for instruction."

One of the most essential provisions for all courses is the provision for "maintenance and support" to enable applicants to pursue these courses. The law says the courses "shall be made available." It is the duty of the Board to make them "available," in fact, as well as word.

Has the Board any moral or legal right to prescribe "conditions" that, in effect, makes the courses unavailable? That is precisely what has been done.

It is "practicable" to suppose that an afflicted man can pursue a course without visible means of support other than the meager stipend he draws from the War Risk Bureau? In the cases of minor handicap men this should be about \$5 a month.

One creditable thing the new law has made possible is Board action on cases awaiting action by the War Risk Insurance Bureau. On July 11 there were between 6,000 and 7,000 of these. In a month the Board cleaned them up—by the processes indicated above.

Is this justice to our disabled men?

THE SERVICE MAN AND THE BANKS

(Continued from Page 10)

who have detailed knowledge of the industry or business involved. It is sometimes true, too, in places where a great number of people are employed, that the supply of men whose ability has been recognized does not meet the demand.

"In other words, the old saying that there is plenty of room at the top is still true. To meet this need special educational plans are constantly being worked out in many concerns, and special opportunities for development are being offered to men who have been especially selected because they look promising. In our own company we have just chosen a group of employees—many of them fresh from government service—who will not be held in one department, but will be taken through the bank and allowed to learn the detail and work of all the departments. At the same time they will be given time for a study of the theory which lies behind each operation they see."

Among the Legion's Local Posts

A Wichita, Kansas, Post of the Legion has been named in honor of Thomas Hopkins, the first Wichitan killed in the war. A drive for two thousand members has been undertaken and is accompanying an effort to raise sufficient funds to entertain the delegates to the State Convention at Wichita, September 30 and October 1 and 2. Eleven hundred dollars have been secured.

Three resolutions have been passed by the Weehawken (N. J.) Post No. 18. The first one takes up the fact that printed matter entitled "Feed Germany," "The Roosevelt Matter," and "Do You Know," are being circulated through the mails over the signature of George Sylvester Viereck, styles the literature "vile German propaganda," and demands the punishment of persons guilty of disseminating such circulars. The second resolution approves the movement to increase the \$60 bonus to \$360; and the third gives outspoken support to Judge James W. McCarthy, who has refused to grant citizenship to aliens who evaded military service in the war.

Three soldiers who were unjustly treated and insulted by a Portland, Oregon, postmaster have taken their charges to the local post of the Legion. The Post expresses its determination to investigate the charges and if necessary take the case to Washington.

Charles D. Montgomery, Jr., Post No. 1, of Atlanta, Ga., has been hard on the heels of the disloyal element of the city. One citizen who has been rash about expressing his sentiments is threatened with prosecution by the Post, which asserts that while "the war may be over, the war against anti-Americanism is just beginning."

"After paying all bills, the Post will realize a fair profit for its treasury," writes the secretary of Post Robert O. Fletcher Post No. 4, at Norwich, Conn. The Post gave a pageant and carnival, which proved a great success.

A social smoker was arranged recently by Post No. 39, Norristown, Pa. The City Hall was secured for the occasion, and over 1,000 men attended, four hundred more than the membership of this thriving post.

Among the recent papers to give a regular department to Legion news are the *New York Evening Sun* and the *Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal*.

The Weekly will publish under this department live news from the local posts. Many of the posts have appointed correspondents who send to the Weekly periodically such activities of the posts as are of interest to the Legion as a whole. This method is suggested for posts desirous of seeing their items on this page.

A member of the Legion in Michigan has this to say concerning alien slackers in his county: "Houghton County, and indeed, Marquette, and all the Western counties of the upper peninsula of Michigan, have large numbers of alien slackers, and the sooner that the people of the United States are informed by the American Legion of the dangers of such inhabitants in a country, then that much sooner will the United States attain the standards she has set for herself as a result of this war."

Lewis-Clark Post No. 13, Lewiston, Idaho, submits the following suggestion: "It is customary to refer to fellow members of an organization as 'fellow members,' 'comrades,' and so forth. We suggest that the designation of 'fellow legionaries' be standardized throughout your publication. With respect to the designation of 'comrade,' it has been objected to on the ground that it smacks of Socialism and Bolshevism."

Members of the Legion in and around Sioux City have been aroused by the statements made by a local evangelist regarding the morality and health of soldiers. Among the statements was one to the effect that "eighty per cent. of the Army was diseased." Figures have been brought out in contravention of this that show the percentage is nearer three per cent. than eighty. The evangelist apologized for his hasty words, after he had been approached by a committee of former service men.

Have you seen the "Montana Legionaire"? It is the sixteen-page semi-monthly publication of the Montana Legion, with news of all the posts and a detailed account of the State convention.

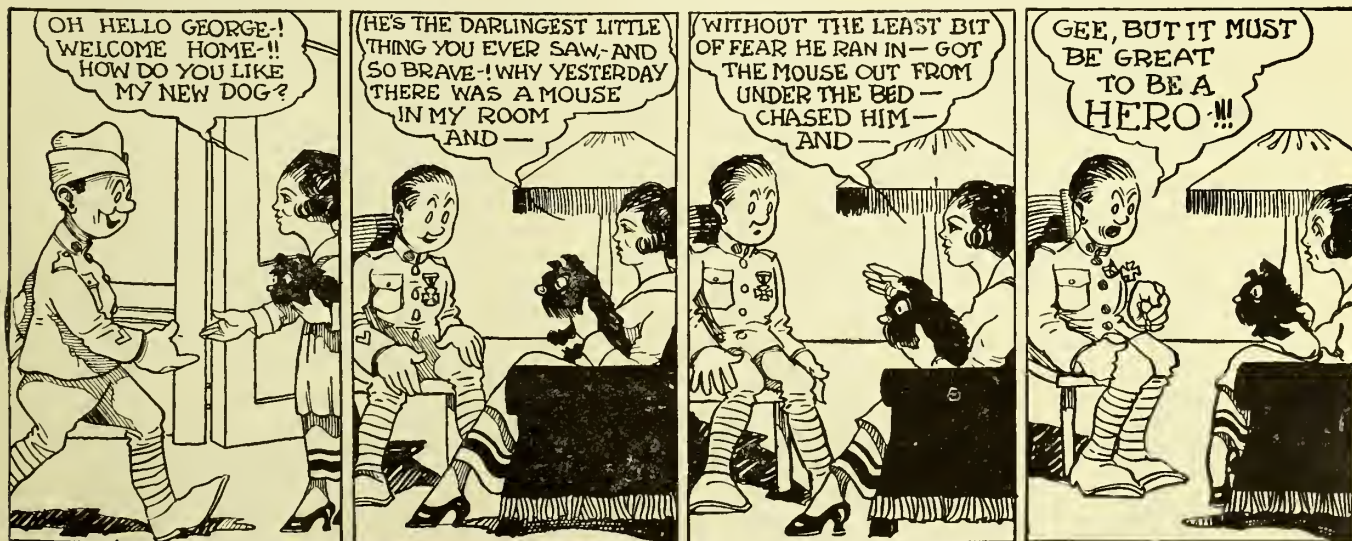
One of the newer posts is the Bryan Mudgett, which has recently been completed at Carlsbad, New Mexico. It covers Eddy County and already has a membership of more than a hundred members.

Support of the police in their battle against disorders and riots attendant on a strike was voted by the Allegheny County (Pa.) Executive Committee when Pittsburgh was suffering from such trouble recently. Employers and strikers fell in behind the Legion with avidity, and no action on the part of the members was necessary.

Karl Ross Post, in Stockton, Calif., has been vigorously engaged in fighting the case of the refusal of citizenship papers to several veterans of the war. Reasons for the refusal were not made plain by the Naturalization Examiner, but the Post is determined to get to the bottom of it.

Maryland boasts one of the most unique posts in the Legion. Evergreen Post No. 5 is composed entirely of men blinded in action and it is expected that it will embrace in its membership every blind veteran of the war.

(Continued on Page 31)





Like They Serve Down Town

WHY not serve Baked Beans at home as good as they serve down town? Countless restaurants buy Van Camp's because they please the men. Try this plan once and watch the man's delight.

Beans are cheaper than meat, more nutritious than meat. It will pay you to make them inviting—pay you to serve Van Camp's.

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The trouble with home-baked beans is not the woman's fault. She lacks the facilities. Here we have a laboratory, college-trained cooks, able chefs and modern steam ovens. Each lot of beans is analyzed before we start to cook. The water used is freed from minerals, for minerals make skins tough.

The beans are baked in steam ovens without contact with the steam. Thus they are baked for hours at high heat—baked so they easily digest. They are also baked after sealing, so we save the flavor which otherwise escapes.

In home ovens beans become crisped or mushy before they are even half-baked. Van Camp's Beans come mealy and whole from the oven.

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Then there never was a sauce like the sauce we bake with Van Camp's. Our scientific cooks tested 856 recipes to attain this zest and flavor.

It is baked with the beans, so this sauce gives tang to every granule. Van Camp's are served quickly, hot or cold. They always taste freshly-baked. With a dozen cans, a dozen hearty meals are ready at your call. You owe to yourself a knowledge of this dish.

VAN CAMP'S

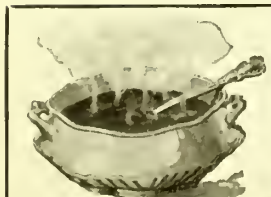
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Van Camp's Soups—18 Kinds



Van Camp's Spaghetti



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

THE ROCK

(Continued from Page 26)

"Yes, but not of the climb, doctor," old Withen answered.

"Of what, then?" I asked.

"Of me," he replied. "He was afraid that I, as a keen mountaineer, should recognize him."

"Recognize him?" I echoed stupidly.

"Yes; in spite of the beard and moustache he had grown since he left Switzerland. He knew me directly he saw me, and that is why he pretended he couldn't climb at all."

"But still, I don't understand," I said peevishly.

"Tom Ablett," Captain Withen explained. "A gentleman once—as sure-footed and cool-headed as any Swiss guide; when he had sunk a bit low, he took up the work professionally. Tom Ablett? Doesn't the name recall anything to you?"

I said that I fancied I had heard it before. But my brain was not very clear. When one has been so near to death, one cannot be expected to lay one's hand immediately on every scrap of information retained in the memory.

"He murdered a man," Withen went on, "last spring—in the Alps. It was believed to have been an accident, but last summer, when they found the body, it was proved to be a murder. Of course I should never have recognized him unless he had climbed up after you. He was a wonderful man at 'chimneys'—the very best in Europe."

"And he saved me," I said slowly, "knowing that you would recognize him?"

"Yes," Withen said. "That is what it amounts to."

"And he could so easily have just stood there, and cried out that if only he had been able to climb the rock——"

"Yes, yes," Withen interrupted sharply, "of course. Well, he's gone. I said I'd give him two days to clear out of England."

There was a knock at the door, and Mary Perran entered the room. She was radiant and beautiful, but there were tears in her eyes.

Wise old Captain Withen left us alone together, and she fell on her knees by the side of the sofa.

"How could you, Jack?" she said. "Oh, it was wicked of you—wicked!"

I put my arm round her and drew her close to me. Of course she had never been in love with Abraham Kington at all. But, woman-like, she had been pleased with his admiration.

As I kissed her, I thought of Guthrie and Gulain.

Abraham Kington—I like to call him by that name—never left England. A day later his body was washed up on the coast six miles away from Corthellis. And when it came ashore this time it was beyond the power of any man to save him.

Aerial jumping is a new sport which has put in an appearance at Fort Omaha. At a summer carnival there, soldiers were suspended from propaganda balloons so weighted as to balance the weight of the man. By this means the soldiers were enabled to make jumps one hundred and fifty feet high.

AMONG THE LEGION'S LOCAL POSTS

(Continued from Page 29)

Members of the Richard Sheriden Post, Brooklyn, N. Y., are also breaking into the ranks of up and coming locals. They have held an open meeting, which was attended by eighty-five men, although the post was not two weeks old at the time.

The Georgia Legion has taken from the Red Cross much of the burden of settling insurance and allotment cases. The system perfected in the State by the Red Cross was found to be invaluable to the men of the Legion when they came to tackle the task.

What form the city's victory memorial shall take has been left for Legion members of New Orleans to decide. It has been made plain that the memorial is as much for the living as for the dead, and that therefore the American Legion is the proper body to help choose it. A combination coliseum-auditorium has been suggested.

Un-American elements of the State are under hot fire from the Arthur D. Lantz Post No. 56, of Nebraska. The post has passed a resolution favoring leaving the bodies of their fallen comrades in France, where the French will take care of them.

Honorably discharged on the fortieth anniversary of his first enlistment, "Dad" Kramer, the quartermaster of Camp Wadsworth, has joined Manhattan Post No. 319. His son has joined with him. This is such a common occurrence at this post that it has become known as the "Father and Son" post.

Another month will see the New York State convention of the Legion at Rochester. Representation in the convention will be by counties, four delegates and four alternates to a county, with an extra alternate for each thousand paid members. Uniforms and military titles are to be left at home when the men go to Rochester on October 10.

Lancaster, Ohio, recently witnessed the presentation of the Croix de Guerre to George Brennstuhl of the Carl H. Eyman Post No. 11. Over 1,000 people participated in the parade in the ex-corporal's honor, and the Legion, which sponsored the ceremony, obtained a firm place in the public's opinion and in the undertaking of patriotic events.

An interesting and novel post is that being formed by the camoufleurs, photographers and mappers of the A. E. F. in and about New York. Meetings will be held for the present in the rooms of Sergeant Napoleon DeRemont, at 103 East Eleventh Street.

Oakland Post, No. 5, California, has passed the three hundred point in its membership. Among the members is General Charles A. Woodruff, who has served in every war that this country has been engaged in since 1860.



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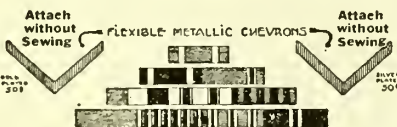
In Peace and War Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A prominent British Government officer, in a speech about the war to a large body of business men in N.Y. City recently said, "After the tired soldier has returned from a 12 mile tramp, with swollen and aching feet, is there a mother, who, if she knew, would not go out and get some Foot-Ease to send to her boy?"

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The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises all men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Try it yourself and if you have a son, brother or friend in the army or navy, why not mail him a package now. Sold by drug and dept stores everywhere.

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WHAT SHALL THE ARMY BE ?

(Continued from Page 16)

formulated will affect every citizen—in service, taxation, or benefits—or all three. It is therefore of importance to look into bills already in and compare them point by point.

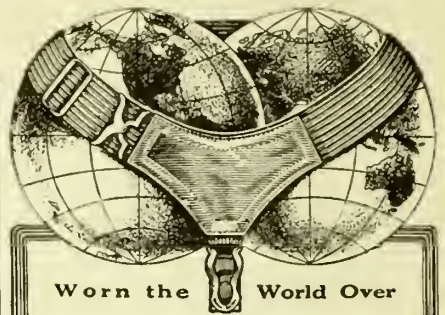
HOW do the two universal training plans differ—the War Department plan, and the Chamberlain-Kahn plan? The General Staff has been feeling for a safe limit in the degree of training and agreed at last on three months for every boy in his nineteenth year. The War Department plan calls for an army of twenty-one divisions—one cavalry on the border, three infantry in the outlying possessions of the United States, and seventeen half-strength divisions, or 370,000 men for seventeen different training camps in various parts of the country. Into these seventeen divisions would be put all nineteen-year-old boys each year for three months' drill with the regular army.

There would be 650,000 boys coming nineteen years old each year at the present rate. These temporary soldiers might not be trained all in the same months; but they, with the 573,000 regulars would make possible a maximum of a million and a quarter men in uniform at one time—enough for one modern war-time field army. Under this General Staff bill the men after their three months' apprenticeship at arms would not be required to serve further in peace, but would merely file, each year for two years, a number of reports on their address, occupation, marriage, and would be paid \$1 each for these reports. There would be no reserve army.

The Chamberlain-Kahn draft would go much further with training and service. Under it, the youth at eighteen would all be required to train for half a year at least—a half year plus time for mobilization and demobilization, and those unfamiliar with the English language would have to put in not to exceed three months preparatory schooling. This is an Americanization scheme.

Senator Chamberlain would, after their "camp graduation," put all these boys into an army reserve. Each man would know his training corps and organization, and while in civil life he would be subject for the next five years to nine weeks' camp life—not more than three weeks in

(Continued on Page 34)



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will open October first for the study of current economic and governmental problems. The work will be conducted by a group of well known writers and teachers among whom are

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Courses will include lectures on Economic Factors in Civilization, The Development of the United States into a World Power, The Historic Background of the Great War, Modern Industrialism, Social Inheritance, Recent Tendencies in Political Thought, Problems of American Government, etc.

There will be late afternoon and evening lectures and conferences to permit the attendance of those engaged in regular professions. No academic degrees will be required, but the standard of postgraduate work will be maintained. There will be general lectures and discussion for larger groups and small conferences for those equipped for special research.

Registration will begin September twenty-second.

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THE HOME SECTOR

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Untold stories of the war—Tidings from all the old Yank sectors
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What Shall the Army Be?

(Continued from Page 32)

any one year. Their names would be held on a reserve file for a total of ten years.

Under this bill, the country would be divided into four army areas and twelve training corps areas. In each corps area would be a training corps. Corps commanders would be authorized to assign to duty to assist in training any member of the Officers Reserve Corps for three weeks a year, or longer, where the reserve officer consents. There are at present 47,000 such officers who have seen service in the War. The Corps is being replenished with new material each year from the colleges to which have been assigned 1,000 army officers to assist in teaching future officers.

All the enlisted men in the reserve would make an annual report by mail, and submit if necessary to an annual physical examination.

The chance that a man might be selected for a further year in the Regular Army is present in the Chamberlain bill which is the only one having that feature of compulsory service in peace time.

In the event of war the war-time draft law would become effective and general registration of men of fighting age would begin under either War Department or Chamberlain bill.

UNDER the former bill the whole training program would be under the direction of the Regular Army with regular army officers as teachers. There would be local induction boards, and appeal boards. On the other hand, under the Chamberlain bill, there would be a national military administrator appointed by the President with an administrator for each state; and there would be local draft boards and a national appeal board.

Under both measures, the pay of those in training would be \$5 a month. On the point of examination for dependents, the War Department bill would allow none, but grant an allowance up to \$50 a month. The Chamberlain bill would allow exemptions for occupational and dependency reasons, but none for physical condition. And under both bills, veterans of the World War would enjoy exemption from training camp service. While the Chamberlain bill would bring the Regular Army down to pre-war strength within two years, it would permit the use of temporary officers meantime.

On the score of vocational training, the War Department bill includes a provision for hiring civilian teachers in addition to the large force of officers for teaching regulars business and trades, in keeping with Secretary Baker's idea of making a university out of the Regular Army.

However, there would be none of this in the training camps for cadets. The Chamberlain-Kahn bill, however, omits this feature from the regular army program, but allows for a trades school in the citizen training camps. Senator New has a bill in for creating a Department of Aeronautics to take over all air service of army, navy and post office, but all those departments are fighting it.

The Regular Army promises, in the event of an increase in the size of the regular army, or an increase in the number of officers, to give commissions as regulars to temporary officers of the late war. There are already 25,663 applications for commissions, but no man over forty years would be considered under the General Staff plan. And before deciding what rank would be permitted to these incoming officers, there would likely be sweeping promotions of officers who already hold regular army commissions.

THE General Staff asks for the creation of one post of general, six of lieutenant-general and numerous posts as major-general. It asks for the creation of five new staff corps—Finance, Transportation, Motor, Air Service, Tank; and for the abolition of the inspector general's department. General Marsh, calling gas warfare inhumane, has omitted the Gas Warfare Service from the make-up of the new army and will have the engineers carry on experiments.

On the subject of promotions, the War Department asks that hereafter officers above the lowest rank be promoted by selection of the fittest; and that those of the lowest rank, second lieutenants, and of the medical corps first lieutenants, be raised, as usual, by seniority.

SO much for the various plans and measures and their contents. The attitude of Congress toward national defense is best summed up in the phrase: "The country would never stand for it." That expression is heard more often around the military committees than any other place. The speaker is legion. Sometimes he is referring to the expense of a larger regular army; sometimes to the expense and radical change of universal military training.

Congressmen realize that the people are tax-shy at present, and are on the alert to discover any proposal that will add to the nation's financial burden. This is always true, but emphatically so just now; and that is why each legislator endeavors to improve the chances of his bill by scaling down as far as possible on the estimated outlay. The bill which looks "cheapest" will have a powerful point in its favor, each Congressman seems to think.

Among the divergence of opinions there are two points of fairly general agreement: One is that the bill adopted finally will be a compromise, as are all vital measures; the other is that no plan to increase the regular army measurably can succeed in Congress, at present at least.

Women as enlisted personnel in the Marine Corps are nothing new. The "Universal Songster," published in London, 1827, contained a note to the effect that "one Hannah Snell, of Worcester, England, fought in the ranks as a Marine. She was distinguished for bravery, wounded twelve times in various actions, and was finally discharged without her sex being discovered." Marinette Snell was, however, a British warrior,



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is to serve those who were in the service of the United States during the Great War. It is the official publication of the American Legion, the country-wide organization of veterans of the Land, Sea and Air Forces of the United States in the War.

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The news of the Legion—what your buddies are doing—throughout the land.

Good yarns of the services.

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Good Humor, Verse, Pictures and Cartoons.

Discussion of current national problems affecting those who were in service. It intends to represent in vigorous fashion those ideas of economic, political and social reform and readjustment which the Legion members are going to insist upon. It is going to lend its weight in the fight that will have to be waged by the Legion against those predatory interests and individuals who are satisfied to stand pat and who do not want the new and vigorous experiences of the nation written into a new-order-of-things.

This Magazine is Nobody's Striker

It is *not a commercial enterprise*. It doesn't have to make a cent for anybody. It is the Legion's—it is *your* property—and any profits that may accrue go to the Legion, to you.

The Weekly is new. Its start was modest and it is going to build with the Legion. It has to do this, for its capital is limited.

How Do You Like It?

You have a right to say, for it is yours.

What do you want to see in it?

What would you like to see it do?

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